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William Shakespeare

The Lake English Classics

REVISED EDITION WITH HELPS TO STUDY

SHAKSPERE'S

ROMEO AND JULIET

EDITED FOR SCHOOL USE

BY

WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

PRESIDENT SMITH COLLEGE

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY
CHICAGO **NEW YORK**

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1920.

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MS 8 Apr. 1920

PREFACE

As in the previous volumes of this series, the aim of the editor has been to present a sound text of the play, modernized in spelling and punctuation, and to furnish in the introduction and notes comment enough to render it thoroughly intelligible. The first section of the introduction is intended to give the student an idea of the place of *Romeo and Juliet* in the history of the English drama in general and of Shakspeare's development in particular. The second section deals with the date and sources of the play, and discusses Shakspeare's language and versification.

The treatment of other versions of the story has been confined to the tales and poems that may be regarded as forming the genealogy of the tragedy. The tale itself is so widespread that an account of all the forms in which it is known to have appeared would require a volume to itself.

The warmth and generous sympathy with which Shakspeare has rendered the passion of the young lovers make the task of enlisting the student's interest in this tragedy an easy one. Nowhere else has he presented with such brilliance and intensity the intoxication of first love;

and the lyrical passages in which this finds its loftiest expression are such as to make the first claim of the play for attention lie in its sheer poetry. Even if its dramatic qualities had been negligible, *Romeo and Juliet* would have held a high place among English poems.

But its dramatic qualities are not negligible. The action of the play not only serves to bring out a group of clearly delineated characters, but it shows us the hero and heroine undergoing marked development. Up to the time when this play appeared, Shakspeare had attempted nothing of this kind. The characters in the early comedies and histories had been led through varied experiences, but their natures had remained unchanged. But here Juliet is transformed from a young girl, delightfully frank and spontaneous but utterly untested and inexperienced, into a woman capable of carrying out alone a plan that called for strength of will and steadfastness of purpose, and finally of refusing to survive all that made life worth living for her. Romeo, meanwhile, is purged of the boyish sentimental fancy he had been nursing for Rosaline, is taught by Juliet that true love demands deeds as well as words, and rises at the close to the full stature of a man. The ennobling effect of love, of which the writers of the Renaissance had so much to say, has seldom been more convincingly presented.

Further, the plot has a marked interest of its own. It opens with a scene expounding the feud which disturbs the peace of Verona. The turning point of the action is the deaths of Tybalt and Mercutio as a result of this feud. The concluding scene shows the reconciliation of the hostile factions. Thus the political story envelops the love story, and provides the complication which turns love into tragedy; while the death of the lovers is not only a triumph of constancy over external obstacles, but the means of solving the political problem.

These three elements, then, the poetry of the speeches, the development of the characters, and the significance of the action, form the chief features of a plan of study of *Romeo and Juliet*.

For further details on the life and work of Shakspeare the following may be referred to: Dowden's *Shakspeare Primer*; and *Shakspeare, His Mind and Art*; A. C. Bradley's *Shakespearean Tragedy*; Sir Sidney Lee's *Life of William Shakespeare* (revised edition, 1909); Boas's *Shakspeare and His Predecessors*; and *The Facts about Shakespeare*, by Neilson and Thorndike. For a general account of the English drama of the period, see A. W. Ward's *History of English Dramatic Literature* (revised edition, 1899); F. E. Schelling's *Elizabethan Drama*; A. H. Thorndike's *Tragedy*; and volumes V and VI of *The Cambridge His-*

tory of English Literature, all of which contain abundant bibliographical material. For questions of language and grammar, see A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon*; J. Bartlett's *Concordance to Shakespeare*; Onions's *Shakespeare Glossary*; and E. A. Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*. As usual, Dr. H. H. Furness's *New Variorum* edition is a valuable compendium of the results of scholarship on the present play down to 1874.

In the preparation of the present edition I have received valuable assistance from Mr. H. W. Herrington. W. A. N.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, May, 1914.

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INTRODUCTION

I. SHAKSPERE AND THE ENGLISH DRAMA

The wonderful rapidity of the development of the English drama in the last quarter of the sixteenth century stands in striking contrast to the slowness of its growth before that period. The religious drama, out of which the modern dramatic forms were to spring, had dragged through centuries with comparatively little change, and was still alive when, in 1576, the first theater was built in London. By 1600 Shakspeare had written more than half his plays and stood complete master of the art which he brought to a pitch unsurpassed in any age. Much of this extraordinary later progress was due to contemporary causes; but there entered into it also certain other elements which can be understood only in the light of the attempts that had been made in the three or four preceding centuries.

In England, as in Greece, the drama sprang from religious ceremonial. The Mass, the center of the public worship of the Roman church, contained dramatic material in the gestures of the officiating priests, in the narratives contained in the

**The Drama
before
Shakspeare.**

Lessons, and in the responsive singing and chanting. Latin, the language in which the services were conducted, was unintelligible to the mass of the people, and as early as the fifth century the clergy had begun to use such devices as *tableaux vivants* of scenes like the marriage in Cana and the Adoration of the Magi, to make comprehensible important events in Bible history. Later, the Easter services were illuminated by representations of the scene at the sepulcher on the morning of the Resurrection, in which a wooden, and afterwards a stone, structure was used for the tomb itself, and the dialogue was chanted by different speakers representing respectively the angel, the disciples, and the women. From such beginnings as this there gradually evolved the earliest form of the MIRACLE PLAY.

As the presentations became more elaborate, the place of performance was moved first to the churchyard, then to the fields, and finally to the streets and open spaces of the towns. With this change of locality went a change in the language and in the actors and an extension of the field from which the subjects were chosen. Latin gave way to the vernacular, and the priests to laymen; and miracle plays representing the lives of patron saints were given by schools, trade guilds, and other lay institutions. A further development appeared when, instead of

single plays, whole series such as the extant York, Chester, and Coventry cycles were given, dealing in chronological order with the most important events in Bible history from the Creation to the Day of Judgment.

The stage used for the miracle play as thus developed was a platform mounted on wheels, which was moved from space to space through the streets. Each trade undertook one or more plays, and, when possible, these were allotted with reference to the nature of the particular trade. Thus the play representing the visit of the Magi bearing gifts to the infant Christ was given to the goldsmiths, and the building of the Ark to the carpenters. The costumes were conventional and frequently grotesque. Judas always wore red hair and a red beard; Herod appeared as a fierce Saracen; the devil had a terrifying mask and a tail; and divine personages wore gilt hair.

Meanwhile the attitude of the church toward these performances had changed. Priests were forbidden to take part in them, and as early as the fourteenth century we find sermons directed against them. The secular management had a more important result in the introduction of comic elements. Figures such as Noah's wife and Herod became frankly farcical, and whole episodes drawn from contemporary life and full of local color were invented, in which the orig-

inal aim of edification was displaced by an explicit attempt at pure entertainment. Most of these features were characteristic of the religious drama in general throughout Western Europe. But the local and contemporary elements naturally tended to become national; and in England we find in these humorous episodes the beginnings of native comedy.

Long before the miracle plays had reached their height, the next stage in the development of the drama had begun. Even in very early performances there had appeared, among the *dramatis personæ* drawn from the Scriptures, personifications of abstract qualities such as Righteousness, Peace, Mercy, and Truth. In the fifteenth century this allegorical tendency, which was prevalent also in the non-dramatic literature of the age, resulted in the rise of another kind of play, the MORALITY, in which the action had an allegorical signification, the characters were mainly personifications or highly universalized types, and the aim was the teaching of moral lessons or social or religious reform. Thus the most powerful of all the Moralities, Sir David Lindsay's *Satire of the Three Estates*, is a direct attack upon the corruption in the church just before the Reformation.

The advance implied in the Morality consisted not so much in any increase in the vitality of the characters or in the interest of the plot (in

both of which, indeed, there was usually a falling off), as in the fact that in it the drama had freed itself from the bondage of having to choose its subject matter from one set of sources—the Bible, the Apocrypha, and the Lives of the Saints. This freedom was shared by the INTERLUDE, a form not always to be distinguished from the Morality, but one in which the tendency was to substitute for personified abstractions actual social types such as the Priest, the Pardoner, or the Palmèr, and the plot had no double meaning. A feature of both forms was the Vice, a humorous character who appeared under the various disguises of Hypocrisy, Fraud, and the like, and whose function it was to make fun, chiefly at the expense of the Devil. The Vice is historically important as having bequeathed some of his characteristics to the Fool of the later drama.

John Heywood, the most important writer of Interludes, lived well into the reign of Elizabeth, and even the miracle play persisted into the reign of her successor in the seventeenth century. But long before it finally disappeared it had become a mere medieval survival. A new England had meantime come into being and new forces were at work, manifesting themselves in a dramatic literature infinitely beyond anything even suggested by the crude forms which have been described.

The great European intellectual movement known as the Renaissance had at last reached England, and it brought with it materials for an unparalleled advance in all the living forms of literature. Italy and the classics, especially, supplied literary models and material. Not only were translations from these sources abundant, but Italian players visited England, and performed before Queen Elizabeth. France and Spain, as well as Italy, flooded the literary market with collections of tales, from which, both in the original languages and in such translations as are found in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* (published 1566-67), the dramatists drew materials for their plots.

These literary conditions, however, did not do much beyond offering a means of expression. For a movement so magnificent in scale as that which produced the Elizabethan Drama, something is needed besides models and material. In the present instance this something is to be found in the state of exaltation which characterized the spirit of the English people in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Politically, the nation was at last one, after the protracted divisions of the Reformation, and its pride was stimulated by its success in the fight with Spain. Intellectually, it was sharing with the rest of Europe the exhilaration of the Renaissance. New lines of action in all parts of the world, new lines of

thought in all departments of scholarship and intellectual speculation, were opening up; and the whole land was throbbing with life.

In its very beginnings the new movement in England showed signs of that combination of native tradition and foreign influence which was to characterize it throughout. The first regular English comedy, Udall's *Ralph Roister Doister*, was an adaptation of the underplot of the *Eunuchus* of Terence to contemporary English life. After a short period of experiment by amateurs working chiefly under the influence of Seneca, we come upon a band of professional playwrights who not only prepared the way for Shakspeare, but in some instances produced works of great intrinsic worth. The mythological dramas of Lyly with the bright repartee of their prose dialogue and the music of their occasional lyrics, the interesting experiments of Greene and Peele, and the horrors of the tragedy of Kyd, are all full of suggestions of what was to come. But by far the greatest of Shakspeare's forerunners was Christopher Marlowe, who not only has the credit of fixing blank verse as the future poetic medium for English tragedy, but who in his plays from *Tamburlaine* to *Edward II.* contributed to the list of the permanent masterpieces of the English drama.

It was in the professional society of these men that Shakspeare found himself when he came to

London. Born in the provincial town of Stratford-on-Avon in the heart of England, he was baptized on April 26, 1564 (May 6th, according to our reckoning).

**Shakspeare's
Early Life.**

The exact day of his birth is unknown. His father was John Shakspeare, a fairly prosperous tradesman, who may be supposed to have followed the custom of his class in educating his son. If this were so, William would be sent to the Grammar School, already able to read, when he was seven, and there he would be set to work on Latin Grammar, followed by reading, up to the fourth year, in Cato's *Maxims*, Æsop's *Fables*, and parts of Ovid, Cicero, and the medieval poet Mantuanus. If he continued through the fifth and sixth years, he would read parts of Vergil, Horace, Terence, Plautus, and the Satirists. Greek was not usually taught in the Grammar Schools. Whether he went through this course or not we have no means of knowing, except the evidence afforded by the use of the classics in his works, and the famous dictum of his friend, Ben Jonson, that he had "small Latin and less Greek." What we are sure of is that he was a boy of remarkable acuteness of observation, who used his chances for picking up facts of all kinds; for only thus could he have accumulated the fund of information which he put to such a variety of uses in his writings.

Throughout the poet's early boyhood the for-

tunes of John Shakspeare kept improving until he reached the position of High Bailiff or Mayor of Stratford. When William was about thirteen, however, his father began to meet with reverses, and these are conjectured to have led to the boy's being taken from school early and set to work. What business he was taught we do not know, and indeed we have little more information about him till the date of his marriage in November, 1582, to Anne Hathaway, a woman from a neighboring village, who was seven years his senior. Concerning his occupations in the years immediately preceding and succeeding his marriage several traditions have come down,—of his having been apprenticed as a butcher, of his having taken part in poaching expeditions, and the like—but none of these is based upon sufficient evidence. About 1585 he left Stratford, and probably by the next year he had found his way to London.

How soon and in what capacity he first became attached to the theaters we are again unable to say, but by 1592 he had certainly been engaged in theatrical affairs long enough to give some occasion for the jealous outburst of a rival playwright, Robert Greene, who in a pamphlet posthumously published in that year, accused him of plagiarism. Henry Chettle, the editor of Greene's pamphlet, shortly after apologized for his connection with the charge, and bore witness

to Shakspeare's honorable reputation as a man and to his skill both as an actor and a dramatist.

Robert Greene, who thus supplies us with the earliest extant indications of his rival's presence in London, was in many ways a typical figure among the playwrights with whom Shakspeare worked during this early period. A member of both universities, Greene came to the metropolis while yet a young man, and there led a life of the most diversified literary activity, varied with bouts of the wildest debauchery. He was a writer of satirical and controversial pamphlets, of romantic tales, of elegiac, pastoral, and lyric poetry, a translator, a dramatist,—in fact, a literary jack-of-all-trades. The society in which he lived consisted in part of "University Wits" like himself, in part of the low men and women who haunted the vile taverns of the slums to prey upon such as he. "A world of blackguardism dashed with genius," it has been called and the phrase is fit enough. Among such surroundings Greene lived, and among them he died, bankrupt in body and estate, the victim of his own ill-governed passions.

In conjunction with such men as this Shakspeare began his life-work. His first dramatic efforts were made in revising the plays of his predecessors with a view to their revival on the stage; and in *Titus Andronicus* and the first part of *Henry VI.* we have examples of this kind

of work. The next step was probably the production of plays in collaboration with other writers, and to this practice, which he almost abandoned in the middle of his career, he seems to have returned in his later years in such plays as *Pericles*, *Henry VIII.*, and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. How far Shakspeare was of this dissolute set to which his fellow-workers belonged it is impossible to tell; but we know that by and by, as he gained mastery over his art and became more and more independent in work and in fortune, he left this sordid life behind him, and aimed at the establishment of a family. In half a dozen years from the time of Greene's attack, he had reached the top of his profession, was a sharer in the profits of his theater, and had invested his savings in land and houses in his native town. The youth who ten years before had left Stratford poor and burdened with a wife and three children, had now become "William Shakspeare, Gentleman."

During these years Shakspeare's literary work was not confined to the drama, which, indeed, was then hardly regarded as a form of literature. In 1593 he published *Venus and Adonis*, and in 1594, *Lucrece*, two poems belonging to a class of highly wrought versions of classical legends which was then fashionable, and of which Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* is the other most famous example. For several years, too, in the last

decade of the sixteenth century and the first few years of the seventeenth, he was composing a series of sonnets on love and friendship, in this also following a literary fashion of the time. Yet these give us more in the way of self-revelation than anything else he has left. From them we seem to be able to catch glimpses of his attitude toward his profession, and one of them makes us realize so vividly his perception of the tragic risks of his surroundings that it is set down here :

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then and wish I were renewed;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

It does not seem possible to avoid the inferences lying on the surface of this poem; but whatever confessions it may imply, it serves, too, to give us the assurance that Shakspeare did not easily and blindly yield to the temptations that surrounded the life of the theater of his time.

For the theater of Shakspeare's day was no very reputable affair. Externally it appears to us now a very meager apparatus—almost absurdly so, when we reflect on the grandeur of the compositions for which it gave occasion. A roughly circular wooden building, with a roof over the stage and over the galleries, but with the pit often open to the wind and weather, having very little scenery and practically no attempt at the achievement of stage-illusion, such was the scene of the production of some of the greatest imaginative works the world has seen. Nor was the audience very choice. The more respectable citizens of Puritan tendencies frowned on the theater to such an extent that it was found advisable to place the buildings outside the city limits and beyond the jurisdiction of the city fathers. The pit was thronged with a motley crowd of petty tradesfolk and the dregs of the town; the gallants of the time sat on stools on the stage, "drinking" tobacco and chaffing the actors, their efforts divided between displaying their wit and their clothes. The actors were all male, the women's parts being taken by boys whose voices were not yet broken. The costumes, frequently the cast-off clothing of the gallants, were often gorgeous, but seldom appropriate. Thus the success of the performance had to depend upon the excellence of the piece, the merit

The
Elizabethan
Theater.

of the acting, and the readiness of appreciation of the audience.

This last point, however, was more to be relied upon than a modern student might imagine. Despite their dubious respectability, the Elizabethan playgoers must have been of wonderfully keen intellectual susceptibilities. For clever feats in the manipulation of language, for puns, happy alliterations, delicate melody such as we find in the lyrics of the times, for the thunder of the pentameter as it rolls through the tragedies of Marlowe, they had a practised taste. Qualities which we now expect to appeal chiefly to the literary appear to have been relished by men who could neither read nor write, and who at the same time enjoyed jokes which would be too broad, and stage massacres which would be too bloody, for a modern audience of sensibilities much less acute in these other directions. In it all we see how far-reaching was the wonderful vitality of the time.

This audience Shakspeare knew thoroughly, and in his writing he showed himself always,

**Shakspeare's
Dramatic
Development.**

with whatever growth in permanent artistic qualities, the clever man of business with his eye on the market. Thus we can trace throughout the course of his production two main lines: one indicative of the changes of theatrical fashions; one, more subtle and more liable to misinter-

| COMEDIES | HISTORIES | TRAGEDIES |
|--|---|--|
| 1590-93. { Love's Labour's Lost..... Two Gentlemen of Verona... Comedy of Errors..... | 1, 2, 3 Henry VI. Richard III..... King John..... | Titus Andronicus |
| 1594, 95. { Midsummer-Night's Dream... Merchant of Venice..... | Richard II..... | Romeo and Juliet (revised about[1596, 97) |
| 1596-98. { Taming of the Shrew..... Merry Wives of Windsor..... | 1, 2 Henry IV. Henry V..... | Julius Caesar |
| 1599, 1600 { Much Ado about Nothing..... As You Like It..... | | |
| 1601..... Twelfth Night..... | | |
| 1601, 2.. Troilus and Cressida..... | | |
| 1602..... All's Well (revised)..... | | Hamlet (revised 1603) |
| 1603..... Measure for Measure..... | | |
| 1604..... | | Othello |
| 1605, 6... { | | Macbeth |
| 1607..... Pericles..... | | King Lear |
| 1608..... | | Timon of Athens |
| 1609..... | | Antony and Cleopatra |
| | | Coriolanus |
| 1610, 11.. { Cymbeline..... Winter's Tale..... | | |
| Tempest..... | | |
| 1612, 13. { Two Noble Kinsmen..... | Henry VIII..... | |

pretation, showing the progress of his own spiritual growth.

The chronology of Shakspeare's plays will probably never be made out with complete assurance, but already much has been ascertained (1) from external evidence such as dates of acting or publication, and allusions in other works, and (2) from internal evidence such as references to books or events of known date, and considerations of meter and language. The arrangement on page 31 represents what is probably an approximately correct view of the chronological sequence of his works, though scholars are far from being agreed upon many of the details.

The first of these groups contains three comedies of a distinctly experimental character, and a number of chronicle-histories, some of which, like the three parts of *Henry VI.*, were almost certainly written in collaboration with other playwrights. The comedies are light, full of ingenious plays on words, and the verse is often rimed. The first of them, at least, shows the influence of Lyly. The histories also betray a considerable delight in language for its own sake, and the Marlowesque blank verse, at its best eloquent and highly poetical, not infrequently becomes ranting, while the pause at the end of each line tends to become monotonous. The extent of Shakspeare's share in *Titus Andronicus* is still debated.

The second period contains a group of comedies marked by brilliance in the dialogue; wholesomeness, capacity, and high spirits in the main characters, and a pervading feeling of good-humor. The histories contain a larger comic element than in the first period, and are no longer suggestive of Marlowe. Rimes have become less frequent, and the blank verse has freed itself from the bondage of the end-stopped line.

The plays of the third period are tragedies, or comedies with a prevailing tragic tone. Shakspeare here turned his attention to those elements in life which produce perplexity and disaster, and in this series of masterpieces we have his most magnificent achievement. His power of perfect adaptation of language to thought and feeling had now reached its height, and his verse had become thoroughly flexible without having lost strength.

In the fourth period Shakspeare returned to comedy. These plays, written during his last years in London, are again romantic in subject and treatment, and technically seem to show the influence of the earlier successes of Beaumont and Fletcher. But in place of the high spirits which characterized the comedies of the earlier periods we have a placid optimism, and a recurrence of situations which are more ingenious than plausible. The plots are marked

by reunions and reconciliations and close in moods of repentance and forgiveness. The verse is singularly sweet and highly poetical; and the departure from the end-stopped line has now gone so far that we see clearly the beginnings of that tendency which went to such an extreme in some of Shakspeare's successors that it at times became hard to distinguish the meter at all.

In *Two Noble Kinsmen* and *Henry VIII.*, Shakspeare again worked in partnership, the collaborator being, in all probability, John Fletcher.

Nothing that we know of Shakspeare's life from external sources justifies us in saying, as has frequently been said, that the changes of mood in his work from period to period corresponded to changes in the man Shakspeare. As an artist he certainly seems to have viewed life now in this light, now in that; but it is worth noting that the period of his gloomiest plays coincides with the period of his greatest worldly prosperity. It has already been hinted, too, that much of his change of manner and subject was dictated by the variations of theatrical fashion and the example of successful contemporaries.

Throughout nearly the whole of these marvelously fertile years Shakspeare seems to have stayed in London; but from 1610 to 1612 he was making Stratford more and more his place of abode,

**Shakspeare's
Last Years.**

and at the same time he was beginning to write less. After 1611 he wrote only in collaboration; and having spent about five years in peaceful retirement in the town from which he had set out a penniless youth, and to which he returned a man of reputation and fortune, he died on April 23, 1616. His only son, Hamnet, had died in boyhood; of his immediate family there survived him his wife and his two daughters, Susanna and Judith, both of whom were well married. He lies buried in the parish church of Stratford.

II ROMEO AND JULIET

The most definite evidence with regard to the date of *Romeo and Juliet* is derived from the title page of the first Quarto, where

Date it is stated that the play "hath bene often (with great applause) plaid publicly, by the right Honourable the L. of Hunsdon his servants." The company referred to was known by this name only from July 22, 1596, to April 17, 1597; so that the play must have been composed at the latest before July, 1596. Many critics have placed it as early as 1591, on account of the Nurse's reference in I. iii. 22 to the earthquake of eleven years before, identifying this with an earthquake felt in England in 1580. But there is no assurance that there is any such definiteness in the allusion; and, even when allowance has been made for the revision claimed on the title page of the second Quarto, the tragedy makes the impression of workmanship somewhat more experienced than we find in such a play as *Love's Labour's Lost*, usually assigned to 1591. Reminiscences of earlier writers and allusions in later books afford us no assistance.

The evidence from meter and style points to an early date. There is much rime, arranged not only in couplets but alternately, in sextets,

and even in the sonnet form. - Some of the greatest passages are lyrical rather than dramatic; and puns and ingenuities abound as in Shakspeare's other works of the early nineties. But these characteristics do not require an earlier date than 1594 or 1595; and we may plausibly conjecture that it preceded by a short space *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* and *The Merchant of Venice*, and followed soon after *Richard II.* Apart from the doubtful case of *Titus Andronicus*, *Romeo and Juliet* is Shakspeare's first pure tragedy, a form he did not again attempt until near the end of the century, when he wrote *Julius Caesar*.

The earliest appearance of the play in print was in the first Quarto of 1597, a shortened and corrupt version apparently printed from shorthand notes taken at the theater. In 1599 was issued the second Quarto, derived from an authentic manuscript, which not only gave the play much more accurately than its pirated predecessor had done, but claimed to be "newly corrected, augmented, and amended." On this version (Q₂) the present text is based, and from it was printed the third Quarto, 1609, the source in turn of a fourth Quarto and of the first Folio text. Occasionally, where the second Quarto is evidently wrong, readings have been taken from the first Quarto or the Folio.

**Source of
the Text**

The germ of the story of *Romeo and Juliet* is very old and is found in many countries. A girl drinks a potion producing the appearance of death in order to avoid a hated marriage, in a mediæval Greek romance called *Ephesiaca*, by Xenophon of Ephesus; and a still closer approach to the plot of our drama is made by an Italian story-teller, Massuccio of Salerno, in his *Novelle*, 1476. In a short novel by Luigi da Porto, published in Venice about 1530, the scene has become Verona, and the lovers have the names by which we know them. After re-tellings by Bandoello in Italian (1554) and by Pierre Boistuaeu in French (1559), the tale appeared in mediocre English verse by a certain Arthur Brooke (1562), and five years later Boistuaeu's version was translated into English prose in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*.¹

Arthur Brooke, in the preface to his poem, speaks of having seen the story recently on the stage. No record of such a performance is known. Cunliffe thinks it probably took place in the Inner Temple at Christmas, 1561; and Fuller has sought to show that a Dutch version of about 1630 can be made to give some idea of the lost play. But whether Shakspeare knew the lost play or not (and there is no evidence that

1. The versions of Brooke and Painter were reprinted by P. A. Daniel in *Originals and Analogues*, New Shakspeare Society, 1875.

it was ever printed), it is quite clear that he is mainly and heavily indebted to Brooke's poem. Even minor characters are borrowed. The Nurse is already an entertaining figure in the source, and suggestions are given for Mercutio; but the humor of the one and the brilliance of the other are vastly increased by the dramatist. Of the scenes invented by Shakspeare, we may note the opening encounter of the servants of the rival houses, the introduction of the violent Tybalt at the Capulets' ball, and the visit of Paris to the tomb of Juliet with its fatal result. Juliet's age, which was sixteen in Brooke's poem, is reduced by Shakspeare to fourteen. In the play the characters are much more life-like, and their emotions are given utterance with a far greater fervency and richness of poetry than in any earlier version.

The forms of the story which have been mentioned are all in the direct line of ancestry of the present tragedy. But there are many collateral versions, in verse and prose narrative and in drama, both before and after Shakspeare; and near the end of the sixteenth century an attempt had been made to write the legend into the actual history of Verona. Thus Shakspeare was not alone in perceiving the powerful appeal which lay in the story of the "star-cross'd lovers" and "the fearful passage of their death-mark'd love."

Romeo and Juliet is written mainly in blank verse, which, since Marlowe, had been the standard meter of the English drama. Prose occurs in the scenes between servants, and is used for much of the dialogue when Mercutio is on the stage. This is in accordance with Shakspeare's practice of using prose for homely and realistic scenes, for low comedy, and for repartee. Rime is exceptionally abundant; couplets are frequent, as in I. ii. 96-105 and I. v. 91-94; occasionally the rimes are alternate, as in I. v. 109-112; in I. ii. 46-51 we find six lines rimed like the sestet of a sonnet; and in I. v. 95-108 the rime-scheme of the Shakspearean sonnet is completely carried out. In several of these cases the effect of the rimes is to emphasize the lyric character of the speeches.

The normal type of the blank verse line has five iambic feet, that is, ten syllables with the verse accent falling on the even syllables. From this regular-form, however, Shakspeare deviates with great freedom, among the commonest variations being the following:

1. The addition of an eleventh syllable, *e. g.*,

How stands | your dis|posi|tions to | be marr|ied, I.
iii. 45.

My blood | for your | rude brawls | doth lie | a-bleed|
ing; III. i. 192.

I'll have | this knot | knit up | tomor|row mor|ning, IV.
ii. 24.

This is also known as the feminine ending. It is comparatively infrequent in plays as early as *Romeo and Juliet*; *The Tempest*, for instance, having four or five times as many examples of it as the present play. Occasionally the extra syllable occurs in the middle of the line, at the main pause known as the cæsura, *e. g.*,

Come, go, | good Jul|iet. || I dare | no long|er stay|,
V. iii. 159.

2. Frequently what seems an extra syllable is to be slurred in reading; but sometimes it is doubtful whether the author slurred it, or intended to substitute an anapest (*i. e.*, a foot with two light syllables before the accent) for the normal iambic foot, *e. g.*,

Of all | the days | of the year|, upon | that day|, I. iii. 24.
Come Lam|mas-eve | at night | shall she be | fourteen|,
I. iii. 16.

This let|ter he ear|ly bade | me give | his fath|er, V.
• iii. 275.

3. Sometimes an emphatic syllable, or one accompanied by a pause, stands alone as a foot, without an unaccented syllable, *e. g.*,

Draw, | Benvo|lio; | beat down | their wea|pons, III.
i. 88.

Cour|age, man; | the hurt | cannot | be much|, III. i. 97.

4. Short lines, lacking one or more feet,

occur, especially at the beginning or end of a speech, *e. g.*,

Why, Romeo, art thou mad? I. ii. 54.

I'll to my rest, I. v. 129. (End)

I thought all for the best, III. i. 107.

Romeo, away, be gone, III. i. 135. (Beginning)

The lady stirs, V. iii. 147. (End)

5. Long lines of twelve syllables occur, though rarely in this play, *e. g.*,

Belonging to a man. O be some other name, II. ii. 42.

This may be regarded as an alexandrine, *i. e.*, a line of six iambic feet; but often the extra syllables are due to the substitution of an anapest as in 2. above, or can be got rid of by vigorous slurring, *e. g.*,

And yet | *to my teen* | *be it spoken* | I have | but four,
I. iii. 12.

The form | of death. | Meantime ' I writ | to Rom|eo,
V. iii. 246,

where *Romeo*, as often, is dissyllabic.

6. Frequently, especially in the first foot or after the cæsure, a trochee is substituted for an iambus, *i. e.*, the accent falls on the odd instead of on the even syllable, *e. g.*,

Sitting | in the sun, || *únder* | the dove-house wall, I.
iii. 26.

Gállop | apace, you fiery-footed steeds, III. ii. 1.

Háppi|ness courts thee in his best array, III. iii. 142.

And fear'st to die? || *Fámine* | is in thy cheeks, V. i. 69.
Déath, that | hath suck'd the honey of thy breath, V.
 iii. 92.

It must be remembered, however, that the pronunciation of many words has changed since Shakspeare's time. Examples are "contráry" in I. v. 87; "contráct" (noun) in II. ii. 117; *cónfessor*" in II. vi. 21; "exíle" in V. iii. 211; "détestable" in IV. v. 53 and V. iii. 45; *réceptacle*" in IV. iii. 39. Especially characteristic are the dissyllabic endings in "devoti-on," IV. i. 41; "infecti-on," V. ii. 16; "pati-ence," V. i. 27; "marri-age," IV. i. 11; and the pronunciation of "r" with the value of a syllable in

After the prompter, for our *entrance*, I. iv. 8,
 Farewell; commend me to thy *mistress*, II. iv. 188.

Although differences between the language of Shakspeare and that of our own day are obvious **Language** to the most casual reader, there is a risk that the student may underestimate the extent of these differences, and, assuming that similarity of form implies identity of meaning, miss the true interpretation. The most important instances of change of meaning are explained in the notes; but a clearer view of the nature and extent of the contrast between the idiom of *Romeo and Juliet* and that of modern English will be gained by a classification of the most frequent features of this con-

trast. Some of the Shakspearean usages are merely results of the carelessness and freedom which the more elastic standards of the Elizabethan time permitted; others are forms of expression at that date quite correct, but now obsolete.

1. NOUNS. (*a*) Shakspeare frequently uses an abstract noun with "of" where modern English has an adjective; *e. g.*, in I. iii. 50, "ladies of esteem" = estimable ladies.

(*b*) Nouns are used as adjectives somewhat more freely than today; *e. g.*, "a grandsire phrase" in I. iv. 37.

2. ADJECTIVES. (*a*) So, conversely, adjectives are used as nouns, as in "that fair," for fair woman, in II. Prol. 3.

(*b*) Adjectives are used as adverbs, as in "But new struck nine," I. i. 153; "passing fair," I. i. 226.

(*c*) Double comparatives occur; *e. g.*, "worser," II. iii. 29, III. ii. 106.

3. PRONOUNS. (*a*) The nominative is often used for the objective; *e. g.*,

All my hopes but *she*, I. ii. 14.

And yet no man like *he* doth grieve my heart, III. v. 84.

(*b*) The neuter possessive is usually "his"; *e. g.*,

Some consequence yet hanging in the stars

Shall bitterly begin *his* fearful date, I. iv. 104, 105.

The sweetest honey

Is loathsome in *his* own deliciousness, II. vi. 11, 12.

The dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo, *his* house, V. iii. 203.

(c) The personal pronoun is often used where we use the reflexive, *e. g.*, “Turn thee, Benvolio,” I. i. 59; “content thee,” I. v. 67.

(d) The ethical dative is commoner than in modern speech; *e. g.*, “claps me his sword,” III. i. 6; “draws him on the drawer,” III. i. 9, where “draws” is intransitive.

(e) The modern distinctions among the relative pronouns, *who, which, that, as*, are often not observed by Shakspeare; *e. g.*, “thou . . . which . . . abound'st,” III. iii. 123; “he which bore,” V. iii. 250; “the winds who,” I. i. 104; “that” (used non-restrictively), II. iii. 9.

(f) The relative pronoun is oftener omitted than now; *e. g.*,

Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me, I. iv. 32.

(g) A reflexive is often inserted where none is needed now; *e. g.*, “I have remembered me,” I. iii. 8.

4. VERBS. (a) A singular verb is often found with a plural subject, or with two or more subjects; *e. g.*,

Whose misadventur'd piteous *overthrows*

Doth with their death bury their parents' strife, I. Prol.

7, 8.

Here *comes two* of the house of Montagues, I. i. 23.

Both our *remedies*

Within thy help and holy physic *lies*, II. iii. 51, 52.

What *manners is* in this? V. iii. 214.

Where *is* my father and my mother, nurse? III. ii. 125.

(b) The “n” is frequently dropped from the ending of the past participle of strong verbs in cases where it is retained at the present day, *e.g.*, “spoke,” I. iv. 1, IV. i. 28; “broke,” III. v. 40. Cf. also “holp,” I. ii. 48, for “holpen,” now “helped”; also “writ,” I. ii. 43, I. iii. 62; and “took” for “taken,” I. v. 110. In “strucken,” I. i. 224, the “n” is retained where modern English has lost it.

(c) The “d” of the past participle of weak verbs sometimes disappears; *e.g.*, “create” for created, I. i. 169.

(d) Verbs of motion are often omitted; *e.g.*, “Shall we on?” I. iv. 2; “I’ll to him,” III. ii. 137.

(e) “Be” is sometimes used for “are”; *e.g.*, “Where be these enemies?” V. iii. 291.

(f) The “to” of the infinitive is sometimes omitted where modern English requires it; *e.g.*, “I entreated her come forth,” V. iii. 260.

(g) The infinitive with “to” is sometimes used where we employ a gerundial or participial construction; *e.g.*,

Verona brags of him

To be a virtuous and well-govern’d youth, I. v. 69, 70.

What mean these masterless and gory swords

To lie discolour’d by this place of peace? V. iii. 142, 143.

(*h*). Some verbs now only intransitive are at times used transitively or reflexively, and the converse also holds; *e. g.*, "Some consequence . . . shall . . . expire the term," I. iv. 106; "hath stol'n him" (reflexive), II. i. 4; "Can you like of Paris' love?" I. iii. 75; "this intrusion shall now seeming sweet convert to bitt'rest gall," I. v. 93, 94.

5. ADVERBS. Double negatives are used with a merely intensive force; *e. g.*, "Nor no without-book prologue," I. iv. 7.

6. PREPOSITIONS. (*a*) The usage in prepositions was less definitely fixed than it is today. Thus we have "the bud bit with an envious worm," I. i. 143; "not to be talked on," II. v. 42.

(*b*) Prepositions are sometimes repeated or otherwise redundant; *e. g.*, "wanting of thy love," II. ii. 78; "that fair for which love groan'd for," II. Prol. 3.

7. CONJUNCTIONS. A conditional conjunction, instead of being repeated, is sometimes replaced by "that"; *e. g.*,

If the measure of thy joy

Be heaped like mine and *that* thy skill be more, II. vi.

24, 25.



ROMEO AND JULIET

PROLOGUE

Chorus. Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

5 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
10 And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could re-
move,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I

SCENE I. [*Verona. A public place.*]

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar. 5

Sam. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand; therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou run'st 10 away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weak- 15 est goes to the wall.

Sam. 'Tis true. . . .

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

20 *Sam.* 'Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant. When I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads. . . .

Gre. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of Montagues.

Enter two other serving-men [ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR].

25 *Sam.* My naked weapon is out. Quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How! turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!

30 *Sam.* Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by. and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at 35 them; which is disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. [Aside to *Gre.*] Is the law of our side, if I 40 say ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

45 *Abr.* Quarrel, sir? No, sir.

Sam. But if you do, sir, I am for you. I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO.

Gre. Say "better"; here comes one of my mas- 50
ter's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember
thy swashing blow. *They fight.* 55

Ben. Part, fools!

Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

[*Beats down their swords.*]

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heart-
less hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword, 60
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the
word

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward!

They fight.

*Enter three or four Citizens [and Officers], with
clubs or partisans.*

Off. Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! Beat
them down! 65

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET *in his gown, and* LADY CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long
sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,
70 And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet, — Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, with his train.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel, —
Will they not hear? — What, ho! you men, you
75 beasts,

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your distemper'd weapons to the ground,

80 And hear the sentence of your moved prince.

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens

85 Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Cank' red with peace, to part your cank' red hate;
If ever you disturb our streets again
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

90 For this time, all the rest depart away.

You, Capulet, shall go along with me;

And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
 To know our farther pleasure in this case,
 To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

95

Exeunt [*all but Montague, Lady Montague, and Benvolio*].

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
 And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.

I drew to part them. In the instant came

100

The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd,
 Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head and cut the winds,
 Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.

While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,

105

Came more and more and fought on part and part,
 Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo? Saw you him
 to-day?

Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun

110

Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,

A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;

Where, underneath the grove of sycamore

That westward rooteth from the city's side.

So early walking did I see your son.

115

Towards him I made, but he was ware of me

And stole into the covert of the wood.

I, measuring his affections by my own,

Which then most sought where most might not be
found,

120 Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my humour not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
125 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
30 And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

35 *Ben.* My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself and many other friends;
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
40 Is to himself—I will not say how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air
45 Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. See, where he comes! So please you, step
aside;

I'll know his grievance or be much deni'd.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay 150
To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away

Exeunt [*Montague and Lady*].

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's
hours? 155

Rom. Not having that which, having, makes them
short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love. 160

Ben. Alas, that Love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that Love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!

Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here? 165
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.

Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O anything, of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity! 170

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
 Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
 This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

175 Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
 Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
 180 With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
 Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;
 Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
 Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears.

185 What is it else? A madness most discreet,
 A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
 Farewell, my coz.

Ben. Soft! I will go along.

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have left myself; I am not here.

190 This is not Romeo; he's some otherwhere.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Ben. Groan! why, no;

But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will,—

195 Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good mark-man! And she's fair I
love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss. She'll not be
hit

With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
'Gainst Love's weak childish bow she lives un-
harm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,

Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.

O, she is rich in beauty, only poor

That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still live
chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge
waste;

For beauty starv'd with her severity

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,

To merit bliss by making me despair.

She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow

Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;

Examine other beauties.

Rom.

'Tis the way

To call hers, exquisite, in question more.

These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows
Being black puts us in mind they hide the fair;

He that is stricken blind cannot forget

25 The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.

Show me a mistress that is passing fair,

What doth her beauty serve, but as a note

Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?

Farewell! Thou canst not teach me to forget.

30 *Ben.* I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

Exeunt.

SCENE II. [*A street.*]

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and the Clown [*a SERVANT*].

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,

In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,

For men as old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;

5 And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long.

But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before.

My child is yet a stranger in the world;

She hath not seen the change of fourteen years.

10 Let two more summers wither in their pride,

Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early

made.

The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
 She is the hopeful lady of my earth; 15
 But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
 My will to her consent is but a part;
 An she agree, within her scope of choice
 Lies my consent and fair according voice.
 This night I hold an old accustom'd feast, 20
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,
 Such as I love; and you, among the store
 One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
 At my poor house look to behold this night
 Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light. 25
 Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
 When well-apparell'd April on the heel
 Of limping winter treads, even such delight
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night
 Inherit at my house; hear all, all see, 30
 And like her most whose merit most shall be.
 Which on more view of, many, mine being one,
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
 Come, go with me. [*To Servant.*] Go, sirrah:
 trudge about

Through fair Verona; find those persons out 35
 Whose names are written there, and to them say
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

Exeunt [*Capulet and Paris*].

Serv. Find them out whose names are written
 here! It is written, that the shoemaker should
 meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, 40
 the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his
 nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose

names are here writ, and can never find what names
the writing person hath here writ. I must to the
45 learned.— In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burn-
ing,

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's lan-
guish.

50 Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

55 *Rom.* Not mad, but bound more than a mad-
man is;

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented and — God-den, good fel-
low.

Serv. God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you
read?

60 *Rom.* Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book.
But, I pray, can you read anything you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly. Rest you merry!

65 *Rom.* Stay, fellow; I can read.

(Reads.) "Signior Martino and his wife and

daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and 70 daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Helena.”

A fair assembly: whither should they come?

Serv. Up. 75

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before. 80

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! [*Exit.* 85

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so loves,
With all the admired beauties of Verona.
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show, 90
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars! 95

One fairer than my love! The all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye;

100 But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now seems best.

Rom. I'll go along no such sight to be shown,
105 But to rejoice in splendour of my own.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*A room in Capulet's house.*]

Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? Call her
forth to me. . . .

Nurse. I bade her come. What, lamb! What,
ladybird!

God forbid!—Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now! Who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

5 What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave a
while,

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;
 I have rememb' red me, thou's hear our counsel.
 Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour. 10

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
 And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—
 She is not fourteen. How long is it now
 To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year, 15
 Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.

Susan and she — God rest all Christian souls! —

Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;

She was too good for me. But, as I said,

On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen; 20

That shall she, marry; I remember it well.

'T is since the earthquake now eleven years;

And she was wean'd,— I never shall forget it —

Of all the days of the year, upon that day.

For I had then laid wormwood to my dug, 25

Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;

My lord and you were then at Mantua; —

Nay, I do bear a brain; — but, as I said,

When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple

Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool, 30

To see it techy and fall out wi' the dug!

Shake, quoth the dove-house; 't was no need, I trow,

To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years;

35 For then she could stand high-lone; nay, by the
rood,

She could have run and waddled all about;
For even the day before, she broke her brow. . . .

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy
peace. . . .

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to
his grace!

40 Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd.
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that "marry" is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
45 How stands your dispositions to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy
teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger
than you,

50 Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

55 *Nurse.* A man, young lady! Lady, such a man
As all the world — why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? Can you love the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast; 60

Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament

And see how one another lends content,
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies 65

Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover.

The fish lives in the sea, and 't is much pride
For fair without, the fair within to hide. 70

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less. . . .

Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love? 75

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move;
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd
up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse
curs'd in the pantry, and everything in extremity.
I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

Exit.

La. Cap. We follow thee. Juliet, the County
stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV. [*A street.*]

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with five or six other Maskers; Torch-bearers.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity.

We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,

5 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,

Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;

[Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke

After the prompter, for our entrance;]

But let them measure us by what they will,

10 We'll measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch. I am not for this ambling;

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes

15 With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead

So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,

And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft

20 To soar with his light feathers, and so bound

I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe.

Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? It is too rough, 25
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with
love;

Prick love with pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in,

[*Puts on a mask.*]

A visor for a visor! what care I 30

What curious eye doth quote deformities?

Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me; let wantons light of heart 35
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase:
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own
word. 40

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stickest
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay 45
We waste our lights in vain, light lights by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;

But 't is no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

50 *Rom.* I dream'd a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things
true.

Mer. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with
you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes

55 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies

Over men's noses as they lie asleep;

Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,

60 The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,

Her traces of the smallest spider web,

Her collars of the moonshine's watery beams,

Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,

Her wagoner a small gray-coated gnat,

65 Not half so big as a round little worm

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut

Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,

Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.

70 And in this state she gallops night by night

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of
love;

On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight;

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, 75
 Because their breath with sweetmeats tainted are.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
 Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep, 80
 Then he dreams of another benefice.
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon 85
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
 And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
 That plats the manes of horses in the night,
 And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs, 90
 Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes. . . .
 This is she —

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy, 95
 Which is as thin of substance as the air
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south. 100

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves.

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
05 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels, and expire the term
Of a despised life clos'd in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But He that hath the steerage of my course
0 Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen!

Ben. Strike, drum.

They march about the stage.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. [*A hall in Capulet's house.*]

[*Musicians waiting.*] *Enter SERVING-MEN, with napkins.*

[1.] *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? He shift a trencher! He scrape a trencher!

[2.] *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

[1.] *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou,

save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou loves me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. 10
Antony and Potpan!

2. *Serv.* Ay, boy, ready.

[1.] *Serv.* You are look'd for and call'd for, ask'd for and sought for, in the great chamber.

3. *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too. 15
Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. [They retire.]

Enter [CAPULET, with JULIET and others of his house, meeting] the Guests and Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that have their toes

Unplagu'd with corns will walk a bout with you.

Ah, my mistresses, which of you all 20

Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,

She, I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near ye now?

Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day

That I have worn a visor and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear, 25

Such as would please; 't is gone, 't is gone, 't is gone.

You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play. *Music plays, and they dance.*

A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot. 30

Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,
 For you and I are past our dancing days.
 How long is 't now since last yourself and I
 Were in a mask?

35 *2. Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 't is not so much, 't is not so
 much.

'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio,
 Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
 Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 Cap. 'T is more, 't is more. His son is elder,
 40 sir;

His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. [*To a Serving-man.*] What lady's that
 which doth enrich the hand

Of yonder knight?

5 *Serv.* I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn
 bright!

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night

As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

0 So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,

And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight!

5 For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To flear and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin, 60
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm
you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
A villain that is hither come in spite
To scorn at our solemnity this night. 65

Cap. Young Romeo is it?

Tyb. 'T is he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
'A bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth. 70
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement;
Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns, 75
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd.
Am I the master here, or you? Go to!
What, goodman boy! I say, he shall; go to! 80
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!

You will set cock-a-hoop! You'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap.

Go to, go to;

85 You are a saucy boy. Is 't so, indeed?

This trick may chance to scathe you; I know what.

You must contrary me! Marry, 't is time.—

Well said, my hearts!— You are a princox; go;

Be quiet, or — More light, more light! — for shame!

90 I'll make you quiet.— What, cheerly, my hearts!

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meet-
ing

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall

Now seeming sweet convert to bitt' rest gall. [*Exit.*

95 *Rom.* [*To Juliet.*] If I profane with my unworhiest
hand

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too
much,

100 Which mannerly devotion shows in this;

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do
touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in
prayer.

105 *Rom.* O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd.

[*Kissing her.*]

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

110

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!

Give me my sin again. [*Kissing her again.*]

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,

115

And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.

I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her

Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

120

Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone; We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

Is it e'en so? Why, then, I thank you all;

125

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good-night.

More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my rest.

[*All but Juliet and Nurse begin to go out.*]

130 *Jul.* Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

135 *Nurse.* I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name.— If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

140 *Jul.* My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
145 Of one I danc'd withal.

One calls within, "Juliet."

Nurse. Anon, anon!

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

Exeunt.

ACT II

[PROLOGUE]

Chor. Now old Desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young Affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd and loves again, 5
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks,
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful
hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear; 10
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved anywhere.
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I. [*A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.*]

Enter ROMEO, *alone.*

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*]

Enter BENVOLIO with MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

5 *Ben.* He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh!

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;

10 Cry but "Ay me!" pronounce but "love" and
"dove";

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,

Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so trim,

When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid!

15 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead and her scarlet lip, . . .

That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

20 *Ben.* An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him. . . .

. . . my invocation

Is fair and honest; in his mistress' name

I conjure only but to raise up him.

25 *Ben.* Come, he hath hid himself among these
trees,

To be consorted with the humorous night.

Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

Mer. If Love be blind, Love cannot hit the
mark. . . .

Romeo, good-night; I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep. 30

Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 't is in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.

Exeunt [Ben. and Mer.].

SCENE II. [*Capulet's orchard.*]

[*ROMEO advances from the wall.*]

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

[*Juliet appears above at her window.*]

But, soft! what light through yonder window
breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief 5

That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.

It is my lady, O, it is my love! 10

O, that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.—

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks.

15 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those
 stars,

20 As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright
 That birds would sing and think it were not night.
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 25 That I might touch that cheek!

Jul.

Ay me!

Rom.

She speaks!

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger of heaven
 Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
 30 Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
 Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name;

35 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [*Aside.*] Shall I hear more, or shall I
 speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
 What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot. 40
 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
 Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
 What's in a name? That which we call a rose
 By any other word would smell as sweet;
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd, 45
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes
 Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
 And for thy name which is no part of thee
 Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word.
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd; 50
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man are thou that thus bescreen'd in
 night
 So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
 I know not how to tell thee who I am.
 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself, 55
 Because it is an enemy to thee;
 Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred
 words
 Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
 Art thou not Romeo and a Montague? 60

Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.
Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and where-
 fore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,

And the place death, considering who thou art,
65 If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch
these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

70 *Jul.* If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords! Look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee
here.

75 *Rom.* I have night's cloak to hide me from their
eyes;

And but thou love me, let them find me here.
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this
place?

80 *Rom.* By Love, that first did prompt me to in-
quire;

He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,

I should adventure for such merchandise.

85 *Jul.* Thou know'st the mask of night is on my
face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
 What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!
 Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay," 90
 And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,
 Thou may'st prove false. At lovers' perjuries,
 They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;
 Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won, 95
 I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,—
 So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
 And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light;
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true 100
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
 My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
 And not impute this yielding to light love, 105
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops —

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant
 moon,
 That monthly changes in her circled orb, 110
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
 Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
 Which is the god of my idolatry,
 And I'll believe thee. 115

- 115 *Rom.* If my heart's dear love —
Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this contract to-night;
 It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
 120 Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good-night!
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
 Good-night, good-night! as sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart as that within my breast!
- 125 *Rom.* O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow
 for mine.
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request
 it;
 And yet I would it were to give again.
- 130 *Rom.* Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
 And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
 My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
 My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
 135 The more I have, for both are infinite.
- [*Nurse*] *calls within.*
- I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
 Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.
 Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit, above.*]
- Rom.* O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
 140 Being in night, all this is but a dream,

Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

[*Re-enter JULIET, above.*]

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
 By one that I'll procure to come to thee, 145
 Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
 And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
 And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

[*Nurse.*] (*Within.*) Madam!

Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well, 150

I do beseech thee —

[*Nurse.*] (*Within.*) Madam!

Jul. By and by, I come: —

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.

To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul —

Jul. A thousand times good-night! 155

Exit [*above.*]

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[*Retiring.*]

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's voice,

160 To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
 Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
 Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
 And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
 With repetition of my [Romeo's name.]

165 Romeo!

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name.
 How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
 Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My dear?

Jul. What o'clock to-morrow
 Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

170 *Jul.* I will not fail; 'tis twenty year till then.
 I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
 Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

175 *Rom.* And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
 Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee
 gone; —

And yet no farther than a wanton's bird;
 That lets it hop a little from her hand,

180 Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
 And with a silken thread plucks it back again,
 So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I;

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
 Good-night, good-night! Parting is such sweet sor-
 row, 185
 That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.

[*Exit, above.*]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
 breast!

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
 Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
 His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. 190

Exit.

SCENE III. [*Friar Laurence's cell.*]

Enter FRIAR [LAURENCE], *with a basket.*

Fri. L. The gray-ey'd morn smiles on the frown-
 ing night,
 Chequ'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
 And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
 From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.
 Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye, 5
 The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
 With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
 The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb; 10
 And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find,

Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.

15 O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,
Nor aught so good but, strain'd from that fair use,
20 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.

Enter ROMEO.

Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power;
25 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
30 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. L.

Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distempered head
35 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth
reign;
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure

Thou art up-rous'd with some distemperature; 40
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. L. God pardon sin! Wast thou with
 Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No!
 I have forgot that name, and that name's woe. 45

Fri. L. That's my good son; but where hast thou
 been, then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
 I have been feasting with mine enemy,
 Where on a sudden one hath wounded me, 50
 That's by me wounded; both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physic lies.

I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy
 drift; 55
 Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is
 set
 On the fair daughter of rich Capulet.
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
 And all combin'd, save what thou must combine 60
 By holy marriage. When and where and how
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
 I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
 That thou consent to marry us to-day.

65 *Fri. L.* Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!

Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine

70 Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans yet ring in mine ancient ears;

75 Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.
If ere thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.
And art thou chang'd? Pronounce this sentence
then:

80 Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. L. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

85 *Rom.* I pray thee, chide me not. Her I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

Fri. L. O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote that could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come, go with me,

90 In one respect I'll thy assistant be;

For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. L. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. [A street.]

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Come he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench,
that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad. 5

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter. 10

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead; stabb'd with a white wench's black eye; run through the ear with a love song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats. O, he's the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song; keeps time, distance, and proportion; he rests his minim rests, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button; a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal *passado!* the *punto reverso!* the *hai!*

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accent! "By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! . . ." Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *perdona-mi's*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring: O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in. Laura to his lady was a kitchen-wench, marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido a dowdy; Cleopatra a gipsy; Helen and Hero hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, *bonjour!* There's a French salu-

tation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive? 50

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams. 55

Rom. Meaning to curtsy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower. 60

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Sure wit! Follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular. 65

Rom. O single-sol'd jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint. 70

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-geese chase, I am done, for thou hast more of the wild-geese in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole 75

five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

80 *Rom.* Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not, then, well serv'd in to a sweet goose?

85 *Mer.* O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word "broad"; which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

90 *Mer.* Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo, now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature; for this drivelling love is like a great natural. . . .

95 *Ben.* Stop there, stop there. . . .

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter NURSE and her man [PETER].

A sail, a sail!

Mer. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

100 *Peter.* Anon!

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman. 105

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell ye. . . .

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar. 110

Nurse. Bý my troth, it is well said; "for himself to mar," quoth 'a! Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when 115 you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? Very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely. 120

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. . . . So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found? 125

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

[*Sings.*]

"An old hare hoar,

And an old hare hoar,

Is very good meat in lent; 130

But a hare that is hoar

Is too much for a score,

When it hoars ere it be spent."

Romeo, will you come to your father's? We'll to
135 dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [*singing*]
"lady, lady, lady."

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*]

Nurse. I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was
140 this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear him-
self talk, and will speak more in a minute than he
will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak anything against me, I'll
145 take him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and
twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those
that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-
gills; I am none of his skains-mates.—And thou
must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use
150 me at his pleasure?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if
I had, my weapon should quickly have been out. I
warrant you, I dare draw as soon as another man,
if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on
155 my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vex'd, that every
part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you,
sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid
me inquire you out; what she bid me say, I will
160 keep to myself. But first let me tell ye, if ye should
lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it
were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say;

for the gentlewoman is young, and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be off'ed to any gentlewoman, and very 165 weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee—

Nurse. Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman. 170

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? Thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise 175
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say you shall. 180

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse;—behind the abbey wall

Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy 185
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.
Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark
you, sir.

190 *Rom.* What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear
say,

“Two may keep counsel, putting one away”?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as
steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest
195 lady— Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating
thing,—O; there is a nobleman in town, one Paris,
that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good
soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see
him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that Paris
200 is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I
say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal
world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both
with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? Both with an R.

205 *Nurse.* Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is
for the— No; I know it begins with some other
letter—and she hath the prettiest sententious of it,
of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to
hear it.

210 *Rom.* Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [Exit Romeo.]

Peter!

Pet. Anon!

Nurse. Before, and apace. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. [*Capulet's orchard.*]*Enter* JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.

O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams, 5
Driving back shadows over louring hills;

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve 10

Is three long hours, yet she is not come.

Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me; 15

But old folks, marry, feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter NURSE [*and* PETER].

O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. 20

[*Exit Peter.*]

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why
look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily ;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

25 *Nurse.* I am a-weary, give me leave a while.
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunce have I
had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy
news.

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse,
speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste! Can you not stay a
while?

30 Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast
breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

35 Is thy news good, or bad? Answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you
know not how to choose a man. Romeo! no, not he;
40 though his face be better than any man's, yet his
leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot,
and a body, though they be not to be talk'd on, yet
they are past compare. He is not the flower of
courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.
45 Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you
din'd at home?

Jul. No, No! But all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? What of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! What a head
have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces. 50

My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!

Beshrew your heart for sending me about

To catch my death with jauncing up and down!

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my 55
love?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and,
I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother! why, she is within;

Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest! 60

“Your love says, like an honest gentleman,

‘Where is your mother?’ ”

Nurse. O God's lady dear!

Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;

Is this the poultice for my aching bones?

Henceforward do your messages yourself. 65

Jul. Here's such a coil!—Come, what says
Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence's
cell;

There stays a husband to make you a wife. 70

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church; I must another way,

To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
 75 Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark.
 I am the drudge and toil in your delight. . . .
 Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, fare-
 well. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. [*Friar Laurence's cell.*]

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. L. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
 That after hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
 It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
 5 That one short minute gives me in her sight.
 Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
 Then love-devouring Death do what he dare;
 It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. L. These violent delights have violent ends,
 10 And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
 Which as they kiss consume. The sweetest honey
 Is loathsome in his own deliciousness
 And in the taste confounds the appetite;
 Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;
 15 Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot
 Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.

A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity. 20

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for
us both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too much!

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more 25
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words, 30
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament.
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will make 35
short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till Holy Church incorporate two in one. *Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I. [*A public place.*]

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, and men.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire.
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl,
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

5 *Mer.* Thou art like one of these fellows that,
when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me
his sword upon the table and says, "God send me
no need of thee!" and by the operation of the sec-
ond cup draws him on the drawer, when indeed
10 there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy
mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be
moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

15 *Ben.* And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should
have none shortly, for one would kill the other.
Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath
a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou
20 hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking
nuts, having no other reason but because thou
hast hazel eyes. What eye but such an eye would

spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling. 25
 Thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with 30
 old riband? And yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter. 35

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Enter TYBALT, PETRUCHIO, and others.

Ben. By my head, here comes the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good den; a word with one of you. 40

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without 45 giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here's my fiddle-stick; here's 50 that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men.

Either withdraw unto some private place,

Or reason coldly of your grievances,

55 Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them
gaze;

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir; here comes
my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your
livery.

60 Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;

Your worship in that sense may call him "man."

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this: thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
65 Doth much excuse the appertaining rage

To such a greeting. Villain am I none;

Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

70 *Rom.* I do protest, I never injured thee,

But love thee better than thou canst devise

Till thou shalt know the reason of my love;

And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender

As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

75 *Mer.* O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

Alla stoccata carries it away.

[*Draws.*]

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, 80 as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing.] 85

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your *passado*. [They fight.]

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!

Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath 90

Forbid this bandying in Verona streets.

Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

Tybalt under Romeo's arm thrusts Mercutio, and flies.

Mer. I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis 95
enough.

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page.]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a 100
grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this

world. A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by
105 the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!
110 They have made worms' meat of me. I have it,
And soundly too. Your houses!

Exeunt [Mercutio and Benvolio].

Rom. This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
115 With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin! O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
And in my temper soft'ned valour's steel!

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
120 That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on moe days doth
depend;
This but begins the woe others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Re-enter TYBALT.

125 *Rom.* Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!

Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads, 130
Staying for thine to keep him company.

Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him
here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

They fight; Tybalt falls.

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone! 135
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.

Stand not amaz'd; the Prince will doom thee death
If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away!

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter CITIZENS.

1. Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio? 140
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1. Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.

Enter PRINCE, MONTAGUE, CAPULET, *their* WIVES.
and all.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble Prince, I can discover all 145
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,

That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!

150 O Prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spilt
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.

O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

155 *Ben.* Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did
slay!

Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure; all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,

160 Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats

165 Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,
"Hold, friends! friends, part!" and, swifter than
his tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,

170 And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,

And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I 175
 Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain,
 And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.

This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague;
 Affection makes him false; he speaks not true. 180
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
 And all those twenty could but kill one life.
 I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give;
 Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio; 185
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, Prince, he was Mercutio's
 friend;

His fault concludes but what the law should end,
 The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offense 190
 Immediately we do exile him hence.
 I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
 My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
 But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses; 195
 Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses;
 Therefore use none. Let Romeo hence in haste,
 Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
 Bear hence this body and attend our will.
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. 200

Exeunt.

SCENE II. [*Capulet's orchard.*]*Enter JULIET, alone.*

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging; such a wagoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.

5 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaway's eyes may wink; and, Romeo,
Leap to these arms! Untalk'd of and unseen
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites,
And by their own beauties; or, if love be blind,

10 It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black, . . .
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love grow bold,
Think true love acted, simple modesty.

15 Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in
night;

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.

Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd
night,

Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,

20 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold, 25
 Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day
 As is the night before some festival
 To an impatient child that hath new robes
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter NURSE, with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks 30
 But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there?

The cords

That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse.

Ay, ay, the cords.

[Throws them down.]

Jul. Ay me! what news? Why dost thou wring
 thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's
 dead! 35

We are undone, lady, we are undone!

Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse.

Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!

Who ever would have thought it? Romeo! 40

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me
 thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but ay,

And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more

45 Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

I am not I, if there be such an ay;

Or those eyes shut, that makes thee answer ay.

If he be slain, say ay; or if not, no.

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

50 *Nurse.* I saw the wound, I saw it with mine
eyes,—

God save the mark!—here on his manly breast.

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse!

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,

All in gore-blood; I swoounded at the sight.

55 *Jul.* O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break
at once!

To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!

Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;

And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!

60 O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!

That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?

Is Romeo slaught'ed, and is Tybalt dead?

My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?

65 Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!

For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;

Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
blood?

70 *Nurse.* It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
 Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
 Dove-feather'd raven! volvish ravenous lamb!
 Despised substance of divinest show! 75
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
 A damned saint, an honourable villain!
 O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,
 When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh? 80
 Was ever book containing such vile matter
 So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
 In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
 No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
 All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers. 85
 Ah, where's my man? Give me some *aqua vitæ*;
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
 Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue
 For such a wish! he was not born to shame.
 Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit; 90
 For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.
 O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd
 your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband? 95
 Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy
 name,
 When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it?

But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.

100 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.

105 All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, worsers than Tybalt's death,
That murd'ered me; I would forget it fain;

But, O, it presses to my memory

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:

110 "Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished."

That "banished," that one word "banished,"

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there;

Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship

115 And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,

Why follow'd not, when she said, "Tybalt's dead,"

Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,

Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?

But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,

120 "Romeo is banished," to speak that word,

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All slain, all dead. "Romeo is banished!"

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.

125 Where is my father and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine
shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are beguil'd, 130

Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd.

He made you for a highway to my bed,

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed. . . .

Nurse. Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo
To comfort you; I wot well where he is. 135

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night.

I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O, find him! Give this ring to my true
knight,

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

Exeunt.

SCENE III. [*Friar Laurence's cell.*]

Enter FRIAR [LAURENCE], ROMEO [*following*].

Fri. L. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou
fearful man:

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,

And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? What is the Prince's
doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand, 5

That I yet know not?

Fri. L. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company.

I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dcoms-day is the Prince's
doom?

10 *Fri. L.* A gentler judgment vanish'd from his
lips,

Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! Be merciful, say death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,

Much more than death. Do not say banishment!

15 *Fri. L.* Here from Verona art thou banished.

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence banished is banish'd from the world,

20 And world's exile is death; then "banished"

Is death mis-term'd. Calling death "banishment,"

Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,

And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. L. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!

25 Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,

Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,

And turn'd that black word death to banishment.

This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy. Heaven is
here,

30 Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog

And little mouse, every unworthy thing,

Live here in heaven and may look on her ;
 But Romeo may not. More validity,
 More honourable state, more courtship lives
 In carrion-flies than Romeo ; they may seize 35
 On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
 And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
 Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin ;
 But Romeo may not ; he is banished. 40
 This may flies do, when I from this must fly ;
 They are free men, but I am banished :
 And say'st thou yet that exile is not death ?
 Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean, 45
 But "banished" to kill me ?—"Banished" ?
 O friar, the damned use that word in hell ;
 Howlings attend it. How hast thou the heart,
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd, 50
 To mangle me with that word "banished" ?

Fri. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. L. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word ;

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy, 55
 To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet "banished" ? Hang up philosophy !
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
 Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,

60 It helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more.

Fri. L. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have
no eyes?

Fri. L. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not
feel.

65 Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,

An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,

Doting like me and like me banished,

Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear
thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,

70 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Knocking within.

Fri. L. Arise; one knocks. Good Romeo, hide
thyself.

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick
groans,

Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

Knocking.

Fri. L. Hark, how they knock! Who's there?
Romeo, arise;

75 Thou wilt be taken.—Stay a while!—Stand up;

Knocking

Run to my study.—By and by!—God's will,

What simpleness is this!—I come, I come!

Knocking

Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? What's
your will?

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Let me come in, and you shall know my errand.

I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. L. Welcome, then. 80

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own tears
made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case! O woeful sympathy! 85

Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubb'ring.
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man.

For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand.
Why should you fall into so deep an O? 90

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah, sir! ah, sir! Death's the end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? How it is with
her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy 95

With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and
weeps;

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up, 100
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
 Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
 Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand
 105 Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,
 In what vile part of this anatomy
 Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack
 The hateful mansion.

*He offers to stab himself, and the Nurse
 snatches the dagger away.*

Fri. L. Hold thy desperate hand!
 Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art;
 110 Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
 The unreasonable fury of a beast.
 Unseemly woman in a seeming man,
 And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both,
 Thou hast amaz'd me! By my holy order,
 115 I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
 Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself,
 And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
 By doing damned hate upon thyself?
 Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and
 earth?
 120 Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do
 meet
 In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.
 Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
 Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
 And uses none in that true use indeed
 125 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,

Digressing from the valour of a man ;
 Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,
 Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish ;
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, 130
 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
 Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask,
 Is set a-fire, by thine own ignorance,
 And thou dismemb'red with thine own defence.
 What, rouse thee, man ! thy Juliet is alive, 135
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead :
 There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou slewest Tybalt : there art thou happy.
 The law that threat'ned death becomes thy friend
 And turns it to exile : there art thou happy. 140
 A pack of blessings light upon thy back ;
 Happiness courts thee in his best array ;
 But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable. 145
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed ;
 Ascend her chamber ; hence ! and comfort her.
 But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,
 Where thou shalt live till we can find a time 150
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 Go before, nurse ; commend me to thy lady ; 155
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,

Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.

Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night

160 To hear good counsel. O, what learning is!

My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse offers to go in, and turns again.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir. Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

165 *Rom.* How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Exit Nurse.

Fri. L. Go hence; good-night; and here stands all your state:

Either be gone before the watch be set,

Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence.

Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,

170 And he shall signify from time to time

Every good hap to you that chances here.

Give me thy hand; 'tis late. Farewell; good-night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me, It were a grief, so brief to part with thee.

175 Farewell.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV. [A room in Capulet's house.]

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily That we have had no time to move our daughter.

Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I. Well, we were born to die.

'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night; 5
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no times to woo.
Madam, good-night; commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-mor-
row; 10
To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love. I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed; 15
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her—mark you me?—on Wednesday
next—

But, soft! what day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too
soon,

O' Thursday let it be,—o' Thursday, tell her, 20
She shall be married to this noble earl.

Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado,—a friend or two;
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly, 25
Being our kinsman, if we revel much;
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,

And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

30 *Cap.* Well, get you gone; o' Thursday be it, then.

Go you to Juliet, ere you go to bed;

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.

Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!

Afore me! it is so very late that we

35 May call it early by and by. Good-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. [*Capulet's orchard.*]

Enter ROMEO and JULIET, aloft.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day.

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;

Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate-tree.

5 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,

No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day

10 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yond light is not day-light, I know it, I;

It is some meteor that the sun exhales,

To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,

And light thee on thy way to Mantua; 15
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow; 20
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.

I have more care to stay than will to go.
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is't, my soul? Let's talk; it is not day. 25

Jul. It is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and displeasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us. 30

Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows. 35

Rom. More light and light; more dark and dark
our woes!

Enter NURSE [from the chamber].

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your cham-
ber.

The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit.*] 40

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend.

He goeth down.

Jul. Art thou gone so! Love, lord, ay, husband, friend!

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,

45 For in a minute there are many days.

O, by this count I shall be much in years

Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Rom. [*From below.*] Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity

50 That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall
serve

For sweet discourses in our times to come.

Jul. O God, I have an ill-divining soul!

55 Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eyes so do you;
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! *Exit.*

60 *Jul.* O Fortune, Fortune! all men call thee fickle;

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, Fortune;

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,

But send him back.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

65 *La. Cap.* Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? It is my lady mother.

Is she not down so late, or up so early?

What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death? 70

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;

Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of love,

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss. 75

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him. 80

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. [*Aside.*] Villain and he be many miles asunder.—

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;

And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives. 85

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.

Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not;

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,

90 Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,

Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;

And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied

95 With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—

Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vex'd.

Madam, if you could find out but a man

To bear a poison, I would temper it

That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,

100 Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors

To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to him,

To wreak the love I bore my cousin [Tybalt]

Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.

05 But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time.

What are they, beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,

10 Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,

That thou expects not nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday
morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

115

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter
too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.

120

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so
yourself,

125

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET *and* NURSE.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.

How now! a conduit, girl? What, still in tears?

130

Evermore show'ring? In one little body

Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,

Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;

135

Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset

Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!

Have you delivered to her our decree?

140 *La. Cap.* Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives
you thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you,
wife.

How! will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?

Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blest,

145 Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought

So worthy a gentleman to be her bride?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful that you
have.

Proud can I never be of what I hate;

But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

50 *Cap.* How how, how how, chop-logic! What is
this?

“Proud,” and “I thank you,” and “I thank you
not”;

And yet “not proud.” Mistress minion, you,

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,

But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,

55 To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you bag-
gage!

You tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,

60 Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient
wretch!

I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me!

My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest 16

That God had lent us but this only child;

But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we have a curse in having her.

Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so. 17

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? Hold your
tongue,

Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye god-den.

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl; 17

For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad.

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,

Alone, in company, still my care hath been

To have her match'd; and having now provided 18

A gentleman of noble parentage,

Of fair demesnes, youthful and nobly train'd,

Stuff'd. as they say, with honourable parts,

Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man ;
185 And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender.
To answer, "I'll not wed ; I cannot love,
I am too young ; I pray you, pardon me."
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you.

190 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise.
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ;
An you be not, hang, beg ; starve, die in the streets,
195 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to't, bethink you ; I'll not be forsworn. *Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief ?

200 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away !
Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a
word.

205 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

Exit.

Jul. O God!—O nurse, how shall this be pre-
vented ?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven ;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
210 By leaving earth ? Comfort me, counsel me !

Alack, alack, that heaven should practise strata-
gems

Upon so soft a subject as myself!

What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse.

Faith, here it is.

Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing, 215

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;

Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,

I think it best you married with the County.

O, he's a lovely gentleman!

220

Romeo's a dishclout to him. An eagle, madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye

As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,

I think you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first; or if it did not, 225

Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,

As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speak'st thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too; else beshrew them
both.

Jul. Amen!

230

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous
much.

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,

Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,

To make confession and to be absolv'd.

235

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
240 Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. *Exit.*

ACT IV

SCENE I. [*Friar Laurence's cell.*]

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* PARIS.

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir? The time is very
short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. L. You say you do not know the lady's
mind.

Uneven is the course, I like it not. 5

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she do give her sorrow so much sway, 10

And in his wisdom hastes our marriage
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.

Now do you know the reason of this haste. 15

Fri. L. [*Aside.*] I would I knew not why it
should be slow'd.

Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

20 *Par.* That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. L. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

25 *Jul.* I will confess to you that I love him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, your face is much abus'd with tears.

30 *Jul.* The tears have got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

35 *Par.* Thy face is mine, and thou hast sland' red it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.

Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter,
now.

40 My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield I should disturb devotion!
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye;
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.

Exit.

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast
done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past care, past
help! 45

Fri. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits.
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this County.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hearest of this, 50
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands; 55
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time, 60
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring. 65

Be not so long to speak; I long to die
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. L. Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of
hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent. 70

If, rather than to marry County Paris,
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
 Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,

75 That cop'st with Death himself to scape from it;
 And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jut. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
 From off the battlements of any tower,
 Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk

80 Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears,
 Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
 With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave

85 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,—
 Things that, to hear them told, have made me
 tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. L. Hold, then. Go home, be merry, give
 consent

90 To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow.

To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
 Let not the nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.

Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
 And this distilling liquor drink thou off;

95 When presently through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
 Shall keep his native progress, but surcease;
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall, 100
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
 Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
 Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
 And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt continue two and forty hours, 105
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.
 Then, as the manner of our country is,
 In thy best robes uncovered on the bier 110
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
 In the mean-time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
 And hither shall he come; and he and I 115
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
 And this shall free thee from this present shame;
 If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
 Abate thy valour in the acting it. 120

Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

Fri. L. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed
 To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me strength! and strength shall
 help afford. 125

Farewell, dear father!

Exeunt.

SCENE II. [*Hall in Capulet's house.*]

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, NURSE, and SERVING-MEN, *two or three.*

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.

[*Exit 1. Servant.*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2. Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

5 *Cap.* How canst thou try them so?

2. Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers; therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.

Exit 2. Servant.

10 We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her.

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

15 *Nurse.* See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, 20
 And beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you!
 Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County; go tell him of this:
 I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell; 25
 And gave him what becomed love I might,
 Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well; stand up.
 This is as't should be. Let me see the County;
 Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither. 30
 Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar,
 All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
 To help me sort such needful ornaments
 As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow? 35

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time
 enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her; we'll to church
 to-morrow. *Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
 'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
 And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife; 40
 Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her.
 I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;
 I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!
 They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself
 To County Paris, to prepare up him 45
 Against to-morrow. My heart is wondrous light,

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

Exeunt.

SCENE III. [*Juliet's chamber.*]

Enter JULIET and NURSE.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best; but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons *prayers*
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
5 Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? Need you
my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such neces-
saries

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow.

So please you, let me now be left alone,

10 And let the nurse this night sit up with you;

For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,

In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good-night.

Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

Exeunt [Lady Capulet and Nurse].

Jul. Farewell! God knows when we shall meet
again.

15 I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,

That almost freezes up the heat of life.

I'll call them back to comfort me.

Nurse!—What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

Come, vial.

20

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?

No, no; this shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

[Laying down her dagger.]

What if it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly hath minist'ed to have me dead,

25

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man.

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

30

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

35

Or, if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,—

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where, for this many hundred years, the bones

40

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort:—

Alack, alack, is it not like that I,

45

So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
 And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—

O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

50 Environed with all these hideous fears,

And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?

55 O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost

Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body

Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!

Romeo, I come! This do I drink to thee.

She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.

SCENE IV. [*Hall in Capulet's house.*]

Enter LADY CAPULET *and* NURSE.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more
 spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the
 pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath
 crow'd,

The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock.

5 Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica;

Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed. Faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit! What! I have watch'd ere
now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick. 10

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in
your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!
*Enter three or four [SERVING-MEN], with spits, logs,
and baskets.*

Now, fellow,
What's there?
1. *Serv.* Things for the cook, sir; but I know
not what. 15

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit 1, Serv.*]
Sirrah, fetch drier logs:
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2. *Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out
logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

Cap. Mass, and well said . . . 20
Thou shalt be logger-head. Good faith, 'tis day.

Music within.

The County will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would. I hear him near.
Nurse! *Wife!* What, ho! What, nurse, I say!
Re-enter NURSE.

25 Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;
 I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste,
 Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already.
 Make haste, I say. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. [Juliet's chamber.]

[Enter NURSE.]

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet!—Fast,
 I warrant her, she.—

Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
 Why, love, I say, madam! sweetheart! why, bride!
 What, not a word? . . .

5 Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
 I needs must wake her. Madam, madam, madam!
 Ay, let the County take you in your bed;
 He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?
 [Draws back the curtains.]

What, dress'd, and in your clothes! and down
 again!

10 I must needs wake you. Lady! lady! lady!
 Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!
 O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!
 Some *aqua vitæ*, ho! My lord! my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse.

O lamentable day!

15 La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me! My child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!
Help, help! Call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is
come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack
the day! 20

La. Cap. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead,
she's dead!

Cap. Ha! let me see her. Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated.
Death lies on her like an untimely frost 25
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woeful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make
me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS, with MUSICIANS.

Fri. L. Come, is the bride ready to go to church? 30

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.

O son! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir; 35

My daughter he hath wedded. I will die

And leave him all: life, living, all is Death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's
face

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

40 *La. Cap.* Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful
day!

Most miserable hour that e'er time saw

In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

But one thing to rejoice and solace in,

45 And cruel Death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!

Most lamentable day, most woeful day,

That ever, ever, I did yet behold!

O day! O day! O hateful day!

50 Never was seen so black a day as this.

O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!

Most detestable Death, by thee beguil'd,

By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!

55 O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!

Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now

To murder, murder our solemnity?

O child! O child! my soul. and not my child!

60 Dead art thou! Alack! my child is dead;

And with my child my joys are buried.

Fri. L. Peace, ho, for shame! Confusion's cure
lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself

Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,

And all the better is it for the maid. 65
 Your part in her you could not keep from death,
 But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
 The most you sought was her promotion,
 For 't was your heaven she should be advanc'd;
 And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd 70
 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
 O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well.
 She's not well married that lives married long;
 But she's best married that dies married young. 75
 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
 On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
 In all her best array bear her to church;
 For though fond nature bids us all lament,
 Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment. 80

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,
 Turn from their office to black funeral;
 Our instruments to melancholy bells,
 Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change, 85
 Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
 And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. L. Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;
 And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave. 90
 The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;
 Move them no more by crossing their high will.

Exeunt [*Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar*].

1. *Mus.* Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

95 *Nurse.* Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up; For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit.*

1. *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter [PETER].

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, "Heart's ease, 100 Heart's ease!" O, an you will have me live, play "Heart's ease."

1. *Mus.* Why "Heart's ease"?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays "My heart is full of woe." O, play me some merry 105 dump to comfort me.

1. *Mus.* Not a dump we; 't is no time to play now.

Pet. You will not, then?

1. *Mus.* No.

110 *Pet.* I will then give it you soundly.

1. *Mus.* What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith, but the glee; I will give you the minstrel.

1. *Mus.* Then will I give you the serving- 115 creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets; I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you. Do you note me?

1. *Mus.* An you *re* us and *fa* us, you note us.

120 2. *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men:

“When griping grief the heart doth wound, 125
 [And doleful dumps the mind oppress,]
 Then music with her silver sound”—

why “silver sound”? Why “music with her silver sound”? What say you, Simon Catling?

1. *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet 130
 sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2. *Mus.* I say “silver sound,” because musicians
 sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! What say you, James Sound-135
 post?

3. *Mus.* Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer. I will say for you. It is “music with her silver sound,” because musicians have no gold for 140
 sounding:

“Then music with her silver sound’
 With speedy help doth lend redress.”

Exit.

1. *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same!

2. *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we’ll in here, 145
 tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

Exeunt.

Shrading

ACT V

SCENE I. [*Mantua. A street.*]

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,

And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit

5 Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

I dreamt my lady came and found me dead —

Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to
think! —

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,

That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.

10 Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,

When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR, *his man, booted.*

News from Verona! — How now, Balthasar!

Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?

How doth my lady? Is my father well?

15 How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;

For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.

Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,

And her immortal part with angels lives.

20 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,

And presently took post to tell it you.

O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? Then I defy you, stars!
Thou know'st my lodging; get me ink and paper, 25
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do. 30
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter; get thee gone
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

Exit Balthasar.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means. O mischief, thou art swift 35
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—

And hereabouts 'a dwells,— which late I noted
In tatt'red weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks, 40
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes, 45
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,

Were thinly scattered, to make up a show.

Noting this penury, to myself I said,

50 "An if a man did need a poison now,

Whose sale is present death in Mantua,

Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him."

O, this same thought did but forerun my need;

And this same needy man must sell it me.

55 As I remember, this should be the house.

Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.

What, ho! apothecary!

Enter APOTHECARY.

Ap.

Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor.

Hold, there is forty ducats. Let me have

60 A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear

As will disperse itself through all the veins

That the life-weary taker may fall dead,

And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath

As violently as hasty powder fir'd

65 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's
law

Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,

And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,

70 Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,

Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back;

The world is not thy friend nor the world's law;

The world affords no law to make thee rich;

Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents. 75

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's
souls, 80

Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not
sell.

I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.
Farewell! Buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me 85
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

Exeunt.

SCENE II. [*Verona. Friar Laurence's cell.*]

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

Fri. L. This same should be the voice of Friar
John.

Welcome from Mantua! What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

Fri. J. Going to find a bare-foot brother out, 5
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,

And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
10 Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Fri. L. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

Fri. J. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
15 Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Fri. L. Unhappy fortune! By my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
20 May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

Fri. J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. *Exit.*

Fri. L. Now must I to the monument alone;
25 Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake.
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
30 Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

Exit.

SCENE III. [*A churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets.*]

Enter PARIS, and his PAGE with flowers and sweet water [*and a torch*].

Par. Give me thy torch, boy. Hence, and stand aloof.

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread, 5
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it. Whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. [*Aside.*] I am almost afraid to stand alone 10

Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,—

O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones—
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,

Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans. 15
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

The Page whistles.

The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
20 To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?
What, with a torch! Muffle me, night, a while.

[Retires.]

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch, a mattock, and a crow of iron.

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
5 Give me the light. Upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face;
10 But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment; therefore hence, be gone.
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I farther shall intend to do,
15 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

20 *Bal.* I will be gone, sir, and not trouble ye.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take
thou that;

Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. [*Aside.*] For all this same, I'll hide me
hereabout.

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[*Retires.*]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death, 45
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

[*Opens the tomb.*]

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murd'ed my love's cousin, with which grief, 50
It is supposed, the fair creature died;
And here is come to do some villanous shame.
To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.

[*Comes forward.*]

Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death? 55
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee.
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came I
hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man.
Fly hence, and leave me; think upon these gone, 60
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury: O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself. 65
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say
A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

70 *Rom.* Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee,
boy! *They fight.*

Page. O Lord, they fight! I will go call the
watch. *[Exit.]*

Par. O, I am slain! *[Falls.]* - If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. *[Dies.]*

Rom. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.
75 Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!

What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.
Said he not so? Or did I dream it so?

80 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.

A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
85 For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[Laying Paris in the tomb.]

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
90 A lightning before death. O, how may I
Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet

Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks, 95
 And Death's pale flag is not advanced there.
 Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 O, what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
 To sunder his that was thine enemy? 10
 Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
 That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps 10
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
 For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again. Here, here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest, 11
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your
 last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing Death! 11
 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
 Here's to my love! [*Drinks.*] O true apothecary!
 Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. 12

[*Dies.*]

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, *with lantern, crow, and*
spade.

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft
to-night

Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's
there?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows
you well.

Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my
friend,

5 What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? As I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.

Fri. L. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

10 *Fri. L.* How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir.

My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death
If I did stay to look on his intents.

5 *Fri. L.* Stay, then; I'll go alone. Fear comes
upon me:

O, much I fear some ill unthrifty thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought;
And that my master slew him.

Fri. L. Romeo!

[*Advances.*]

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?

What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the tomb.*]

Romeo! O, pale! Who else? What, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

The lady stirs.

Juliet rises.

Jul. O comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
'And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

[*Noise within.*]

Fri. L. I hear some noise. Lady, come from that
nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet [*Noise again*], I dare no
longer stay. *Exit.*

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? A cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,

To make me die with a restorative.

Thy lips are warm.

Enter WATCH, with the PAGE of Paris.

1. *Watch.* Lead, boy; which way?

Jul. Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger! [*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*]

This is thy sheath (*Stabs herself*); there rust, and let me die.

Falls [on Romeo's body, and dies].

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1. *Watch.* The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard.

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.

[*Exeunt some.*]

Pitiful sight! here lies the County slain;

5 And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,

Who here hath lain this two days buried.

Go, tell the Prince; run to the Capulets;

Raise up the Montagues; some others search.

[*Exeunt others.*]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;

0 But the true ground of all these piteous woes

We cannot without circumstance descry.

Re-enter [some of the WATCH, with] BALTHASAR.

2. *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

1. *Watch.* Hold him in safety till the Prince come hither.

*Re-enter another WATCHMAN, with FRIAR
LAURENCE.*

3. Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs,
and weeps.

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1. Watch. A great suspicion. Stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE' [and Attendants].

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek
abroad?

La. Cap. Oh! the people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in our
ears?

1. Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris
slain;

And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul
murder comes.

1. Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd
Romeo's man,

With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter
bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en,— for, lo, his house
 Is empty on the back of Montague,—
 05 And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
 That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE [and others].

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
 To see thy son and heir more early down.

10 *Mon.* Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night:
 Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.
 What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

15 *Mon.* O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
 To press before thy father to the grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
 Till we can clear these ambiguities,
 And know their spring, their head, their true
 descent;

And then will I be general of your woes,
 20 And lead you even to death. Meantime forbear,
 And let mischance be slave to patience.
 Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. L. I am the greatest, able to do least,
 Yet most suspected, as the time and place
 25 Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
 And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
 Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in
 this.

Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of
breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale. 23

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife.

I married them; and their stolen marriage-day

Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death

Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city, 23

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.

You, to remove that siege of grief from her,

Betroth'd and would have married her perforce

To County Paris. Then comes she to me,

And, with wild looks, bid me devise some mean 24

To rid her from this second marriage,

Or in my cell there would she kill herself.

Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,

A sleeping potion; which so took effect

As I intended, for it wrought on her 24

The form of death. Meantime I writ to Romeo,

That he should hither come as this dire night,

To help to take her from her borrowed grave,

Being the time the potion's force should cease.

But he which bore my letter, Friar John, 25

Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight

Return'd my letter back. Then all alone

At the prefixed hour of her waking,

Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;

Meaning to keep her closely at my cell, 25

Till I conveniently could send to Romeo;

But when I came, some minute ere the time

Of her awakening, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.

0 She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience.
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.

5 All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy; and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

0 *Prince.* We still have known thee for a holy
man.

Where 's Romeo's man? What can he say to this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's
death;

And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.

5 This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threat'ned me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter; I will look on it.

Where is the County's page, that rais'd the watch?

0 *Sirrah,* what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
grave;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did.

Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And by and by my master drew on him;

And then I ran away to call the watch. 288

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death.

And here he writes that he did buy a poison

Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal

Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet. 290

Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!

See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,

That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.

And I for winking at your discords too

Have lost a brace of kinsmen. All are punish'd. 295

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand.

This is my daughter's jointure, for no more

Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more;

For I will raise her statue in pure gold;

That whiles Verona by that name is known, 300

There shall no figure at such rate be set

As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie,

Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings; 305

The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head.

Go hence to have more talk on these sad things;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:

For never was a story of more woe

Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

Exeunt. 310

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS.

- Abbott.—*Shakespearian Grammar*, by E. A. Abbott, 1870.
Dowden.—*Romeo and Juliet*, edited by Edward Dowden, 1900.
Deighton.—*Romeo and Juliet*, edited by K. Deighton, 1893.
Law.—*Romeo and Juliet*, edited by R. Law, in *The Arden Shakespeare*, Boston, 1913.
N. E. D.—Murray's New English Dictionary.
Schmidt.—*Shakespeare-Lexicon*, by A. Schmidt, 1886.
Strunk.—*Romeo and Juliet*, edited by W. Strunk, in *Riverside Literature Series*; Boston, 1911.
F₁.—First Folio edition of Shakspeare's Plays, 1623. Ff.—All the Folios.
Q₁.—First Quarto edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597. Q₂.—Second Quarto. Qq.—All the Quartos.

PROLOGUE

- ProL. 3. *Mutiny*. Discord, strife.
ProL. 4. *Where*. In which. *Civil*. Of fellow citizens; perhaps with a play on the ordinary sense.
ProL. 6. *Star-cross'd*. Thwarted by the influence of malignant planets—implying the responsibility of blind Fate, rather than the guilt of hero and heroine, for the catastrophe of the tragedy.
ProL. 7. *Misadventur'd*. Unfortunate, caused by evil chance. Adjective, not participle; cf. *horned*, *web-footed*, etc.
ProL. 8. *Doth*. Singular verb with plural subject. See *Intro.*, p. 45.
ProL. 9. *Passage*. Course.
ProL. 11. *But*. Except.
ProL. 12. *Two hours'*. Indicating the approximate length of performance of an Elizabethan play. Cf. *Henry VIII.*, prol. 13.
ProL. 14. We, the actors, will try to repair what is deficient in the play.

ACT I

I. i. Shakspeare's opening scenes are often notable, and none is more so than this. It gives the necessary information about the feud, not in expository speeches, but in the spirited action of a real brawl between the houses; it introduces characters of importance; it forebodes the tragic outcome of the play in the hatred of the partisans. Note the successive introduction of characters of greater and greater importance, with the culminating entrance, after due preparation, of the hero himself.

I. i. 1. *Carry coals*. Put up with insults or indignities, like low menials.

I. i. 2. *Colliers*. Also a term of insult because of the dirtiness of the trade.

I. i. 12. *Shall*. Inevitably must.

I. i. 13. *Take the wall*. Quarrels frequently arose as to which of two persons meeting should step aside from the wall—the best part of the walking on the narrow, dirty, undrained streets of the day.

I. i. 15, 16. *The weakest goes to the wall*. Is thrust against the wall, gets the worst of it. A proverb.

I. i. 23. *Tool*. Weapon, sword. *Comes*. See *Introd.*, p. 45. Or perhaps merely the careless talk of servants.

I. i. 28, 29. *Fear me not I fear thee!* "Don't be afraid that I should run away. . . . Do you think I would be afraid of you?" Characteristic quibbling.

I. i. 29. *Marry*. Originally an oath by the Virgin Mary.

I. i. 30. *Of*. On.

I. i. 34. *Bite my thumb*. An insulting gesture used to provoke a quarrel.

I. i. 55. *Thy swashing blow*. Your famous crushing stroke.

I. i. 58. *Art thou drawn?* Have you drawn your sword? *Heartless hinds*. Cowardly menials; involving also a play on both words—*hart*, and *hind*, a female deer.

I. i. 59. *Thee*. See *Introd.*, p. 45.

I. i. 64. [Let me] *Have at thee*. Look out; here goes! A conventional fighting threat.

I. i. 65. *Clubs, bills, and partisans*. A call for men with these weapons. "Clubs!" was a familiar cry in Elizabethan street brawls, a call for the London apprentices, who fought with clubs. *Bills*, or halberds, were weapons with long poles terminating in a sword-like point and with hatchet-like blades. *Partisans* were somewhat similar instruments.

I. i. 66, stage-dir. *Gown*. Dressing-gown—hurriedly donned by Capulet on his being aroused from bed by the fray.

I. i. 67. *Long sword*, for active use, as opposed to the short ceremonial sword.

I. i. 68. *A crutch*—as more appropriate to his age.

I. i. 70. *In spite*. In despite or scornful defiance.

I. i. 74. *Profaners*, etc. Who profane the use of swords by dyeing them in your neighbors' blood.

I. i. 79. *Distemper'd*. Tempered or hardened for a bad purpose. Perhaps also "wrathful."

I. i. 81. *Airy word*. Light word, *i. e.*, excited by nothing more substantial than some lightly spoken taunt.

I. i. 84. *Ancient*. Aged.

I. i. 87. *Cank' red*. Rusty; repeated in the sense of malignant.

I. i. 96. *Set . . . abroach*. Set on, incited. To "broach" is to tap a cask of liquor and leave it running.

I. i. 104. *Who* for "which." See *Intro.*, p. 45. *Withal*. With it (the swing).

I. i. 106. *On part and part*. On either side.

I. i. 107. *Either part*, *i. e.*, the two contending factions.

I. i. 112. *Drave*. An Elizabethan variant of "drove."

I. i. 118. *Affections*. Feelings.

I. i. 119. *Which then most sought*, etc. Which then sought chiefly a place where the fewest people would be found.

I. i. 122. *Who*. Him who.

I. i. 128. *Aurora*. The goddess of the dawn

I. i. 129. *Light . . . heavy*. A favorite Elizabethan pun. It is repeated in I. iv. 12.

I. i. 143. *With*. See *Intro.*, p. 47. *Envious*. Malignant.

I. i. 149. *Grievance*. Grief. *Be much deni'd*. He will have difficulty refusing me an answer, putting me aside.

I. i. 151. *To hear*. As to hear. See *Abbott*, § 281. *Shrift*. Confession.

I. i. 152. *Morrow*. Morning.

I. i. 161. *Love*. Cupid. *View*. Appearance.

I. i. 162. *In proof*. On experience.

I. i. 163. *View*. Sight. *Muffed*. Blindfolded. *Still*. Always, as almost invariably in Elizabethan English.

I. i. 164. *See pathways to his will*. Be, nevertheless, able to direct his arrows so as to wound whom he wishes.

I. i. 167. *Much . . . with hate, more . . . with love*. Rosaline, whom Romeo imagines he loves, is a Capulet maiden. See I. ii. 71.

I. i. 168-174. These paradoxical phrases descriptive of love had been traditional in European poetry since the time of the troubadours. Shakspeare puts them into the mouth of

Romeo to point the contrast between the nursing of his sentimental feeling for Rosaline and the spontaneity of his genuine passion for Juliet.

I. i. 169. *Create*, for "created," which form appears in Q₂. See *Introd.*, p. 46.

I. i. 173. *Still-waking*. Always awake.

I. i. 175. *Coz*. A familiar clipping of "cousin."

I. i. 179. *Propagate*, etc. Increase by piling more on top of it.

I. i. 183. *Purg'd*. Purified, cleansed (of smoke).

I. i. 184. *Vex'd*. Troubled, not "running smooth."

I. i. 186. *Choking gall*, i. e., a bitter dose which destroys; rhetorically opposed to the "preserving sweet." See note to I. i. 168.

I. i. 188. *An*. If. Originally the simple conjunction, and, used with the subjunctive to indicate condition; later differentiated in spelling and meaning. In Elizabethan idiom it was used alone or in combination with "if," as here.

I. i. 191. *Sadness*. Seriousness. Cf. l. 194, below.

I. i. 193. *Sadly*. Seriously.

I. i. 194. *Sadness*. Grief.

I. i. 195. *Urg'd*. Mentioned, forced on the attention.

I. i. 201. *Wit*. Way of thinking.

I. i. 202. *Proof*. "Armor of proof," armor proved or tested.

I. i. 204. *Stay the siege*, etc. Will not listen to protestations of love. The comparison of a courted lady to a besieged castle is a favorite medieval and Elizabethan figure. Cf. *Cymbeline*, III. iv. 136-7; *Venus and Adonis*, 423; *Lear*, V. iii. 76.

I. i. 208. *With beauty . . . store*. With her beauty dies the store of beauty (that should belong to posterity). For variations on this theme see Shakspeare's *Sonnets*, 1-17.

I. i. 211. *Starv'd*. Killed.

I. i. 214. *Merit bliss*. Deserve heaven by remaining a virgin.

I. i. 222ff. Romeo repeats the same idea under a variety of figures: other ladies will only serve as foils to exhibit Rosaline's surpassing beauty.

I. i. 223. *Puts*. See *Introd.*, p. 45. But *being black* may have been thought of as the subject.

I. i. 224. *Strucken*. On form, see *Introd.*, p. 46.

I. i. 226. *Mistress*. General word for a woman beloved and courted. *Passing*. Surpassingly. Used as an adjective in l. 228.

I. i. 227. *What*. What purpose.

I. i. 230. *Pay that doctrine*. Give that instruction.

I. ii. continues the dramatic exposition in giving information about Juliet; starts a line of action—that of the marriage to the County Paris—which subsequently is one of the chief tragic forces; makes all ready for the meeting of hero and heroine at the feast and the start of the main action; and leaves the audience, at the conclusion of the scene, in eager expectation of just such an eventuality.

The opening of the scene in the midst of a conversation is an approved bit of dramatic technique. Cf. also the entrance of Romeo and Benvolio at l. 46.

I. ii. 1. *Bound*. Bound to keep the peace. See I. i. 88, 89.

I. ii. 9. *Fourteen years*. In Brooke's poem she is nearly sixteen; in Painter's tale and the Italian and French accounts, nearly eighteen. (See *Introd.*, p. 39.) Marina in *Pericles* is fourteen, Miranda in *The Tempest* is only fifteen, and Abigail in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* is fourteen.

I. ii. 13. *Made*. Q₁ reads *married*. The jingles between *made* and *marred*, and between *marred* and *married*, were favorites with the Elizabethan writers. Both occur elsewhere in Shakspeare. Cf. *Macbeth*, II. iii. 35, and *All's Well*, II. iii. 315.

I. ii. 14. *All my hopes but she*. Hardly consistent with III. v. 166. On grammar of "she," see *Introd.*, p. 44.

I. ii. 15. *My earth*. The usual explanations are: (1) my body, as in II. i. 2 and *Sonnet cxlvi*; (2) *terre* in the French phrase, *filie de terre*, my heiress; (3) the world for me. The last seems, perhaps, most natural.

I. ii. 17. *To her consent is but a part*. Is subsidiary to her consent. See next two lines. Cf. Capulet's attitude in III. v. 127ff.

I. ii. 23. *Makes*. Perhaps attracted into the sing. by the interposed "one more." But see also *Introd.*, p. 45.

I. ii. 25. *Earth-treading stars, i. e.*, the girls at the feast.

I. ii. 30. *Inherit*. Possess, enjoy.

I. ii. 32, 33. The text follows Dowden's punctuation. "When you have seen more of her of most merit, many others, including my daughter, will have a place in a mere count of numbers but not in esteem." On *which* for *whom*, see *Introd.*, p. 45. The passage has been much emended. *Which on* is from Q₄; the earlier Qq and F₁ read *Which one*.

I. ii. 39-42. *Shoemaker . . . nets*. The confusion of these proverbial sayings is characteristic of the humor of servants in Shakspeare's earlier plays.

I. ii. 45. *In good time*. Equivalent to the French *à la bonne heure*. "First rate!" (Said as he sees Romeo and Benvolio approaching.)

I. ii. 46-51. On rimes, see Introd., p. 40.

I. ii. 48. *Holp*. An old past tense and pp. of "help" (originally a strong or irregular verb). See Introd., p. 46.

I. ii. 52. *Your*. The generalizing *your*. "The well-known." Cf. I. 53. *Plantain leaf*. The leaf of this weed was used as a salve for bruises.

I. ii. 53. *Broken*. Bruised. Romeo's jest hits at Benvolio for the superficiality of his love-remedies. Benvolio characteristically misses the point. (I. 54.)

I. ii. 56, 57. *Shut up in prison*, etc. Describes the treatment often accorded the insane in Shakspeare's day. Cf. the "joke" played on Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*, IV. ii.

I. ii. 57. *God-den*. A corruption of "good e'en," which is in turn contracted from an original "God give you good even." See next line. This salutation was proper from the noon hour on. Cf. II. iv. 105.

I. ii. 64. *Rest you merry*. God keep you merry—a customary salutation. Cf. I. 85 below.

I. ii. 66ff. The list of names is almost regular blank verse as it stands, and has been so printed by Dyce, Dowden, and others.

I. ii. 67. *County*. Count.

I. ii. 69. *Mercutio*. Note that here he seems to be on friendly terms with the Capulets.

I. ii. 71. *Rosaline*. Romeo's love. See I. 87 below.

I. ii. 74. *Should they come?* Are they expected to come?

I. ii. 84, 85. *Crush a cup*. Have a drink, crack a bottle.

I. ii. 87. *Loves*. So the earlier editions—a form permitted by Elizabethan usage.

I. ii. 89. *Unattainted*. Unprejudiced, impartial.

I. ii. 92ff. For the arrangement of rimes, see Introd., p. 40.

I. ii. 92. *Religion*. Of course, his adoration of Rosaline's beauty.

I. ii. 93. *Turn tears to fires*. In order to burn out his eyes, which, like heretics, have renounced their faith.

I. ii. 94. *These*. His eyes, as also the "transparent heretics" of the following line. *Often drown'd* (in tears). The eyes are compared to witches, who, according to the popular conception, could not be drowned, but had to be killed by burning.

I. ii. 99. *Pois'd with herself*. Since her image filled both your eyes, in these "crystal scales" she was weighed only against herself.

I. ii. 100. *That . . . scales*. "Scales," though plural in form, is felt as singular in meaning.

I. ii. 103. *Scant*. Barely. *Show*. Appear.

I. iii. continues the exposition, presenting the heroine and the chief comic figure (the Nurse). It creates suspense by continuing to keep the match with Paris in the foreground while the preparation for the meeting of the lovers goes on.

I. iii. 2. *What*. An exclamation of impatience. *Ladybird*: A term of endearment.

I. iii. 3. *God forbid*—that anything should have happened.

I. iii. 6. *Give leave*. Give us leave to talk in private.

I. iii. 8. *Rememb'ed me*. Used reflexively. See *Introd.*, p. 45. *Thou'st*. Thou shalt. A colloquialism.

I. iii. 11. *Lay*. Wager.

I. iii. 12. *Teen*. Grief, sorrow.

I. iii. 14. *Lammas-tide*. August 1.

I. iii. 21. *Marry*. See note on I. i. 29.

I. iii. 22. *Earthquake*. See *Introd.*, p. 36.

I. iii. 25. *Wormwood*. A plant with a bitter taste. See lines 29, 30 below.

I. iii. 28. *Bear a brain*. Have a good brain, a good memory.

I. iii. 31. *Tetchy*. Fretful. *Fall out wi'*. Quarrel with.

I. iii. 35. *High-lone*. Alone. *High* in the compound seems to be an intensive. Law compares "It's high time." *Road*: Holy Cross. A common oath.

I. iii. 37. *Broke*. Broke the skin of, bruised, as in I. ii. 53.

I. iii. 39. *Mark*. Designate, elect. *Grace*. Divine favor.

I. iii. 41. *Live*. . . . *once*. Only live.

I. iii. 43. *Marry*. See I. i. 29, note, and I. iii. 21.

I. iii. 45. *Stands your dispositions*. See *Introd.*, p. 45.

I. iii. 50. *Ladies of esteem*. See *Introd.*, p. 44.

I. iii. 52. *Much upon these years*. At about the same age.

I. iii. 56. *A man of wax*. As pretty as if modeled in wax.

I. iii. 63. *Married*. Mutually dependent and harmonious.

I. iii. 64. *Another*. Dative case. *Content*. Pleasing, satisfying quality.

I. iii. 66. *Margent*. Margin, in which explanatory glosses often appeared in old books.

I. iii. 67. *Unbound*. Unattached (of the lover); without binding (of the book).

I. iii. 68. *Cover*. A wife *binds* a lover, as a cover *binds* a book.

I. iii. 69. *The fish* (Paris) *lives in the sea* (is at large and not yet hooked). This figure is parenthetical. The metaphor of the book is resumed immediately.

I. iii. 70. *For fair without*, etc. The beautiful cover (which may be Juliet) to enclose that beautiful book, Paris (*the fair within*).

I. iii. 71. *Share the glory*. Gives part of it to the clasps; *i. e.*, the handsome husband with a beautiful wife shares his glory with her.

I. iii. 75. *Like of*. Be pleased with. This use of *like* arose from an older impersonal use, as in, "It likes me of something." See *Introd.*, p. 47.

I. iii. 76. *Move*. Incite.

I. iii. 83. See I. ii. 67.

I. iv. brings the meeting of hero and heroine a step nearer by showing us Romeo on the way to the Capulets' ball. The scene is chiefly notable as introducing Mercutio and giving opportunity for his lyric effusion on Queen Mab. Romeo, in ll. 48, 49 and in his closing speech, gives the first hint of a tragic outcome.

I. iv. 1. *Spoke*. See *Introd.*, p. 46.

I. iv. 2. *Shall we on*. See *Introd.*, p. 46.

I. iv. 3. *The date is out of such prolixity*. Such prolixity is out of date, *i. e.*, the old fashion of having some one precede those going masked to the feast and make an apologetic and complimentary speech. The custom is illustrated in *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. ii. 158; *Timon*, I. ii. 128; and *Henry VIII*, I. iv. 64. Benvolio, then, describes two such prologues, which were evidently in fashion.

I. iv. 4. *Hoodwink'd*. Blindfolded.

I. iv. 5. *Tartar's . . . bow*. In form like the Cupid's bow—a common property for masques. *Of lath*, *i. e.*, merely an imitation bow.

I. iv. 6. *Crow-keeper*. Scarecrow. The word is used also of a boy employed to keep off birds from the crops.

I. iv. 7. *Nor no*. On double negatives, see *Introd.*, p. 47. *Without-book prologue*. The prologue-speaker, trying to deliver his hastily conned speech "without book," is compared to an actor attempting to pick up his part from the prompter.

I. iv. 8. *Entrance*. Trisyllable. See *Introd.*, p. 43.

I. iv. 11. *Torch*. Torch-bearers (who did not dance) accompanied the masquers. *Ambling*. Used contemptuously of affected movement, as in a dance.

I. iv. 12. *Heavy . . . light.* Cf. I. i. 129. Notice the numerous puns throughout this scene: *measure . . . measure, soles . . . soul, soar . . . sore, bound . . . bound*, etc.

I. iv. 16. [Which] *So stakes me.* Elizabethan usage allowed the omission of a subject relative. See *Introd.*, p. 45.

I. iv. 21. *Pitch.* Point. Also the height to which a falcon soared.

I. iv. 30. *A visor for a visor.* A mask for an ugly mask-like face.

I. iv. 31. *Quote.* Take notice of.

I. iv. 32. *Beetle brows [which] shall blush.* See *Introd.*, p. 45, and note to line 16 above. "Beetle brows" are overhanging brows.

I. iv. 34. *Betake him to his legs, i. e.,* dance.

I. iv. 35. *Wantons.* Sportive seekers after pleasure.

I. iv. 36. *Rushes* were used as a floor-covering.

I. iv. 37. *Grandsire phrase; i. e.,* old saying, alluding to the proverb, "A good candle-holder proves a good gamester."

I. iv. 38. *Candle-holder, i. e.,* a mere looker-on.

I. iv. 39. *I am done.* I stop playing (while I am winning).

I. iv. 40. *Dun's the mouse.* A common Elizabethan phrase, of unknown origin, seeming to mean, "Keep still." Such a direction would be often given by a constable, would be "the constable's own word."

I. iv. 41. *Dun.* The name of a horse. In an old Christmas game, "Dun is in the mire" (mentioned by Chaucer in the *Manciple's Prologue*), a heavy log representing the horse is brought into the room, is supposed to stick in the mire, and is extricated by the players.

I. iv. 42. *Sir-reverence.* A contraction of *save reverence* (Lat. *salva reverentia*) used as an apology when referring to something improper. The text follows Q₁ here. The other Qq read *Or save you reverence*; the Ff, *Or save your reverence.*

I. iv. 43. *We burn daylight.* Mercutio uses this in the figurative sense of "wasting time," which he explains in ll. 44, 45.

I. iv. 46-7. *Take our good meaning, etc.* "Mercutio means, 'Don't quarrel with a phrase like "we burn daylight" for not being literally true; our interpretation is based oftener upon the speaker's known intent than upon any analysis by the different mental faculties.'" (Strunk.) The term "five wits," though sometimes used for the five senses, means here intellectual faculties.

I. iv. 50. *I dream'd a dream.* Romeo's dream has been a

foreboding of disaster. See also ll. 103-110 below. *To-night*. Last night. Cf. II. iv. 2.

I. iv. 53. After this line Q_1 has "Ben: Queene Mab what's she?" and the rest of Mercutio's speech is assigned to Benvolio. Benvolio's interrogation was probably inserted to provide a pretext for Mercutio's long description, but hardly does so. The passage, though charming in itself, is hardly justifiable dramatically.

I. iv. 53. *Queen Mab*. The first reference known in English literature to this well-known figure of Celtic folk-lore.

I. iv. 54. *Fairies' midwife*. Not midwife to the fairies, but the fairy whose function it was to deliver the fancies of dreamers, those "children of an idle brain" (l. 94). (Stevens.)

I. iv. 55. *Agate-stone*. A figure cut in agate stone and set in a ring.

I. iv. 57. *Atomies*. Tiny beings.

I. iv. 59. *Spinners'*. Spiders'.

I. iv. 63. *Film*. Gossamer.

I. iv. 65. *Worm*: Worms, according to popular belief, breed in the fingers of the idle.

I. iv. 76. *Sweetmeats*, presumably, to perfume the breath; elsewhere called "kissing comfits."

I. iv. 79. *Tithe-pig*. A pig given to a parson as a church tax.

I. iv. 80. 'A. Colloquialism for *he*.

I. iv. 84. *Spanish blades*. The swords made at Toledo, in Spain, were formerly highly esteemed.

I. iv. 86. *Drums*. She drums.

I. iv. 89. *Plats the manes*. Douce refers to a superstition, still living in his time, of spirits in the likenesses of women clothed in white who haunted stables at night, carrying tapers of wax, which they dropped on the horses' manes.

I. iv. 90. *Bakes*. Cakes together, mats. *Elf-locks*. Knots or tangles in the hair were sometimes attributed to the mischief or malice of elves.

I. iv. 91. 'Bodes. Singular. *Untangling* is treated as the subject instead of the plural relative, *which*.

I. iv. 97. *Who*. See *Introd.*, p. 45.

I. iv. 99. *Being anger'd* because the North remains frigid and doesn't melt to his wooing.

I. iv. 103. *I fear, too early*, etc. The "tragic foreboding" often used effectively by Shakspeare, and stressed with special force in this play of crossed fates. (See *Prol.* 6, and note.) Here characteristic of Romeo's temper.

I. iv. 105. *His*. See *Introd.*, p. 44. *Date*. Time.

I. iv. 106. *Expire*. On transitive use, see *Introd.*, p. 47.

I. v. The previous scenes have been chiefly expository and preparatory. This scene sets in motion the main action of the play—the love of hero and heroine, destined, as they themselves feel, to a tragic outcome. More definitely, the ill-suppressed wrath of Tybalt promises trouble later on. Aside from its significance in the plot, the scene is itself highly effective, with its crowded stage, picturesque costumes, and graceful dancing.

I. v. 2. *Trencher*. Wooden platter. Potpan was too proud for such menial work as changing the trenchers and scraping them.

I. v. 4. *Good manners*. Probably, the elegance of the entertainment.

I. v. 6. *Foul*. (1) Shameful; (2) dirty.

I. v. 7. *Joint-stools*. Folding stools.

I. v. 8. *Court-cupboard*. A sideboard for setting out plate. *Good thou*. My good fellow.

I. v. 9. *Marchpane*. A cake made from sugar and almonds. *Loves*. Cf. I. ii. 87, note. Ff read *lovest*.

I. v. 12, 15. The speeches here given to "2 serv." and "3 serv." may belong respectively to Antony and Potpan, who here enter.

I. v. 16. *Longer liver take all*. Let the survivor get the whole reward. A contemporary proverb.

I. v. 19. *Walk a bout*. Dance a turn.

I. v. 21. *Deny*. Refuse. *Makes dainty*. Gives herself airs and hesitates to dance.

I. v. 22. *Come near ye*. Come home to you.

I. v. 28. *A hall!* A cry to make room.

I. v. 29. *Knives*. Still used in Shakspeare in the sense of servant, but with a coloring of the modern meaning, rascals, coming from Capulet's impatience at their slowness. *Turn the tables up*. "Ancient tables were flat leaves joined by hinges and placed on trestles. When they were to be removed they were therefore *turned up*." (Steevens.)

I. v. 30. *Quench the fire*. The time of the play is the middle of July (see I. iii. 14, and note), but in Brooke's poem (see *Introd.*, p. 38) the action occurs in midwinter. Shakspeare doubtless followed Brooke here, overlooking, as he frequently did, such a minor discrepancy.

I. v. 32. *Cousin*. Kinsman. The word is used of any relative not in the immediate family. In the present instance, it is probably "mine uncle Capulet" (see I. ii. 70) who is addressed by Juliet's father.

I. v. 35. *Mask*. Masquerade. *By'r lady*. A petty oath by the Virgin.

I. v. 37. *Nuptial*. Regularly used in singular by Shakspeare.

I. v. 40. *Elder*. Older. Note restricted modern usage.

I. v. 42. *A ward*. Under guardianship, and so not of age. After this line Q₁ adds, "Good youths i' faith. Oh, youth's a jolly thing."

I. v. 47. *It seems she hangs*. F₂, "Her beauty hangs." Cf. *Sonnet* xxvii, 11.

I. v. 48. Cf. Lyly's *Euphues*: "A fair pearl in a Morian's [*i. e.*, *Moor's*] ear."

I. v. 50. *Shows*. Appears.

I. v. 56. *Should*. Must certainly.

I. v. 57. *What*. How.

I. v. 58. *Antic face*. The fantastic mask Romeo wears.

I. v. 59. *Fleer*. Sneer. *Solemnity*. Celebration. Used for any dignified festivity.

I. v. 67. *Content thee*. Compose yourself, keep your temper. On reflexive use of "thee," see *Introd.*, p. 45.

I. v. 68. *Portly*. Of good carriage.

I. v. 70. *To be*. On this use of infinitive, see *Introd.*, p. 46.

I. v. 72. *Disparagement*. Offence, injury.

I. v. 75. *Show a fair presence*. Be affable and courteous.

I. v. 76. *Semblance*. Appearance.

I. v. 79. *Goodman boy*. A familiar term of address, here used sarcastically, "My fine young fellow!" *Go to*. Come! A phrase of reproof.

I. v. 81. *God shall mend my soul!* As I hope to be saved! *Mend*. Amend, save.

I. v. 82. *Mutiny*. Discord.

I. v. 83. *Set cock-a-hoop*. Raise a row, set everything in disorder.

I. v. 86. *Scathe*. Injure. The rest of Capulet's speech is broken up among rebukes of Tybalt, answers to his guests, and directions to the servants.

I. v. 87. *Contrary*. Contradict. See *Introd.*, p. 43.

I. v. 88. *Well said*. Well done. *Princox*. Saucy fellow.

I. v. 91. *Patience perforce*. Compulsory patience—a proverbial expression.

I. v. 95-112. For arrangement of rimes, see *Introd.*, p. 40.

I. v. 96. *Fine*. Penance. The old editions all read "sin," which some editors retain.

I. v. 99. *Pilgrim*. Romeo wears the conventional disguise of a palmer, *i. e.*, a pilgrim who had visited the Holy Land.

I. v. 100. Which (the hand) only shows courteous rever-

ence, does not commit profanation, in this (touching my hand).

- I. v. 107. *Though* [they] *grant*.
 I. v. 110. *Took*. See *Introd.*, p. 46.
 I. v. 112. *By the book*. According to rule.
 I. v. 117. *Withal*. With.
 I. v. 119. *Chinks*. Colloquialism for "money."
 I. v. 120. *My foe's debt*. A debt due my foe, which he may take or not, as he pleases.
 I. v. 121. *At the best*. Cf. I. iv. 39.
 I. v. 122. *Ay, so I fear*. I fear that after tonight I shall never know such happiness.
 I. v. 124. *Banquet*. Dessert; a course of sweetmeats, fruit, and wine. *Towards*. Coming, at hand.
 I. v. 125. *Is it e'en so*. According to Q₁, "They whisper in his eare" [their reasons for going].
 I. v. 128. *Fay*. Faith.
 I. v. 136. *Married*. Trisyllabic, riming with *bed*. Note how Juliet tries to keep the Nurse in the dark by asking about two others before Romeo.
 I. v. 137. *Like*. Likely.
 I. v. 142. *Prodigious*. Portentous.

ACT II

Prologue. Placed by some editors as an epilogue to Act I. There is no division into acts and scenes in the early texts of this play. As in the case of the first prologue, many critics have doubted whether Shakspeare wrote it. In form, again, a Shakspearean sonnet.

II. Prologue 1. *Old Desire*. The fancy for Rosaline.

II. Prologue 2. *Young affection*. The new love for Juliet. *Gapes, i. e.*, holds his mouth wide open to receive the longed-for morsel of the legacy.

II. Prologue 3. *Fair* [woman], *i. e.*, Rosaline. *For . . . for*. On repetition of prepositions, see *Introd.*, p. 47.

II. Prologue 6. *Alike, i. e.*, both.

II. Prologue 14. *Temp'ring*. Mixing. *Extremities*. Extreme difficulties or dangers. *Extreme*. Accent on first syllable.

II. i. A brief scene to occupy the time between the Capulets' feast and Juliet's appearance at her window, to explain Romeo's presence in the garden, to show the ignorance of Romeo's love on the part of his friends, but chiefly, through the agency of Mercutio's wit, to provide a light interlude

which shall break the seriousness of I. v. and II. ii. and set off, by contrast, the strong emotion of the latter.

II. i. 2. *Earth*. Body. Cf. I. ii. 15 and note. *Centre*, *i. e.*, his heart, lost to Juliet.

II. i. 4. *Stol'n him*. On reflexive use, see Introd., p. 47.

II. i. 6. *Conjure*. Accented on first syllable. The differentiation between *cónjure* and *conjúre* was not made in Shakspeare's time. See Introd., p. 43.

II. i. 7ff. *Romeo!* etc. Mercutio now utters a burlesque invocation similar to those used by conjurers.

II. i. 7. *Humours*. Caprices, whimsicalities.

II. i. 11. *Gossip*. Old crony.

II. i. 13. *Young Abraham Cupid*. Abraham as a name for Cupid has caused much discussion. It may be used comically of the eternal youth of Cupid, who must really be as old as Father Abraham. Knight thought it an allusion to the Abraham-men of Elizabethan days, cheats who feigned madness. Dyce considered that "auburn-haired (=light-haired) was meant, *abram* and *abraham* being old spellings of auburn. Upton thought it an expansion from *Abram*, which in turn would be an easy misprint for *Adam*; if so, it might allude to Adam Bell, the famous archer of the old ballads. Many editors read *Adam*, accepting this conjecture.

II. i. 14. *King Cophetua*, referring to the famous ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid*, preserved in Percy's *Reliques*. Mercutio had the following stanza in mind:

The blinded boy that shoots so trim,
From heaven down did hie,
He drew a dart and shot at him,
In place where he did lie.

Shakspeare again refers to the ballad in *Love's Labour's Lost*, I. ii. 114.

II. i. 16. *Ape*. An expression of tenderness, like the Nurse's "fool" (I. iii. 30).

II. i. 20. *An if*. See I. i. 188, note.

II. i. 26. *Consorted*. Associated. *Humorous*. (1) Moist; (2) capricious.

II. i. 29. *Truckle-bed* or trundle-bed; a small bed made to run under a larger. Even that were better than "this field-bed."

II. i. 30. *Field-bed*. The ground, with a play on the sense of "camp-bed."

II. ii. In the setting of the moon-lit garden on the warm

Italian summer night is placed this celebrated scene of lyric love. The rapture of the passion, fervent yet chaste, and the almost incomparable beauty of the verse, have made this the favorite scene of the play.

Fortune is for the present favoring the lovers; yet even here there are presentiments of evil.

II. ii. 1. *He jests at scars.* Romeo has overheard his companions' jests. A wall was probably represented on the stage, beside which he stayed within view of the audience during II. i.

II. ii. 6. *Her maid.* A votary of the virgin Diana.

II. ii. 8. *Vestal livery.* The robes of the sacred Roman priestesses, vowed to a life of chastity, who guarded the fire of Vesta; used, by extension, of any virgin's robes. *Sick and green.* Probably suggested by the so-called "green-sickness," an anaemic disease of young women in which the skin appears of greenish hue. Cf. III. v. 157, and note.

II. ii. 10. *It is my lady.* The rapturous outburst may be occasioned by the actual stepping out of Juliet upon the balcony. Hitherto she may have remained within the room or half-concealed by the window-curtains.

II. ii. 17. *Spheres.* The hollow, transparent, concentric globes in which, according to the Ptolemaic astronomy, the planets were set.

II. ii. 29. *White-upturned.* Looking upward so that the whites of the eyes show prominently.

II. ii. 31. *Lazy-pacing.* So Q₁. Ff and other Qq read *lazy-puffing*.

II. ii. 39. *Though not a Montague.* Even if you refuse the name Montague. (See I. 34 above.)

II. ii. 46. *Owes.* Owns.

II. ii. 47. *Doff.* Put off, throw aside.

II. ii. 53. *Counsel.* Secrets.

II. ii. 55. *Dear saint.* He is thinking of their recent conversation at the Capulets' ball. (See I. v. 105.)

II. ii. 61. *Dislike.* Displease. See note on I. iii. 75.

II. ii. 76. *But.* Unless.

II. ii. 78. *Prorogued.* Delayed, postponed. *Wanting of.* On the use of the preposition, see *Introd.*, p. 47.

II. ii. 88. *Dwell on form.* Stick to convention.

II. ii. 89. *Farewell compliment!* Away with formality!

II. ii. 93. *Jove laughs.* A proverb found in Ovid's *Art of Love*, "For Jove himself sits in the azure skies and laughs below at lovers' perjuries." (Marlowe's translation, bk. i.)

II. ii. 97. *So.* Provided that.

II. ii. 101, 102. *Strange*. Reserved.

II. ii. 105, 106. *Light . . . dark*. Again the favorite play on words.

II. ii. 106. *Which*. The yielding. *Discovered*. Revealed (whereas its normal function should be to conceal).

II. ii. 117. *I have no joy*. Another of the premonitions of disaster which occur with such insistence throughout the earlier part of the play. Cf., e. g., I. iv. 103-108, I. v. 122, 140-143. *Contract*. Accented by Shakspeare on either syllable; here on the second. See *Introd.*, p. 43.

II. ii. 119. *Too like the lightning*. Cf. *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, I. i. 145-148.

II. ii. 131. *Frank*. Generous.

II. ii. 132. *The thing I have*—her own infinite love, as explained in II. 134, 135. Cf. II. vi. 33, 34.

II. ii. 139. *I am afeard*. See note to I. 117. above.

II. ii. 143. *Thy bent of love*. The inclination, intentions of your love.

Note that it is Juliet who takes the initiative.

II. ii. 145. *Procure to come*. Cause to come, contrive to have sent.

II. ii. 151. *By and by*. At once.

II. ii. 152. *Suit*. From Q₄. The earlier Q_q and the Ff read *strife*, but Brooke's poem, which Shakspeare follows here pretty closely, also has "suit."

II. ii. 154. *So thrive my soul*. As I hope that my soul may prosper. He is about to protest the purity of his "bent of love" when interrupted by Juliet.

II. ii. 160. *Tassel-gentle*. A male hawk of noble species; a conventional comparison for a lover. *Lure . . . back* was the sporting term for recalling the hawk. The hawks were trained to recognize the "falconer's voice."

II. ii. 161. *Bondage*. Abstract for concrete, "one bound," i. e., here, one constrained for fear of being overheard.

II. ii. 168. *Attending*. Listening, attentive.

II. ii. 178. *Wanton's bird*. The pet bird of a mischievous girl.

II. ii. 180. *Gyves*. Fetters.

II. ii. 182. *So loving-jealous*. "So fond of it and yet so jealous of its getting its liberty." (Deighton.)

II. ii. 186. *Morrow*. Morning.

II. ii. 189. *Ghostly*. Spiritual.

II. ii. 190. *Dear hap*. Good fortune.

II. iii. Friar Laurence, the moralist of the play, here discourses in characteristic fashion, his long speech on the

virtues of herbs preparing for the sleeping potion of IV. i. He consents to unite the lovers in the hope of settling the feud—a hope which, after the re-excited passions of III. i., seems like irony, but which is finally to be realized, though with tragedy.

II. iii. 4. *Titan's fiery wheels.* The chariot of Helios, the sun god, a descendant of the race of Titans—who ruled the heavens before their expulsion by Zeus and the other Olympian gods.

II. iii. 7. *This osier cage of ours.* This willow basket belonging to our religious house.

II. iii. 9. *That.* See *Introd.*, p. 45.

II. iii. 12. *Sucking.* We find children (plants, etc.) sucking on her bosom.

II. iii. 13. *Virtues.* Useful properties.

II. iii. 15. *Mickle.* Great, powerful. *Grace.* Excellence.

II. iii. 19. *Strain'd.* Wrenched, forced.

II. iii. 20. *Revolts from true birth.* Gives over the good qualities with which it was endowed by nature. *Stumbling on abuse.* Blundering and accidentally discovering abuse. Explained in next line.

II. ii. 25. *That part.* The odorous part of the plant. *Each part*—of the body.

II. iii. 27. *Still.* Ever.

II. iii. 28. *Grace.* Virtue, gentle and self-controlled disposition. *Rude will.* Violent, self-willed disposition; almost, as Law notes, equivalent to "evil desires." In this passage and in II. vi. 9-15 there seems to be a reminiscence of the moral which Brooke found in the story. He regarded it as a warning, for he sought to describe "a couple of unfortunate lovers, thralling themselves to dishonest desire, neglecting the authority and advice of parents and friends . . . abusing the honorable name of lawful marriage, to cloak the shame of stolen contracts, finally, by all means of dishonest life, hastening to most unhappy death." (*Address to the Reader.*) The change of point of view and sympathy in Shakespeare is very notable.

II. iii. 30. *Canker.* Canker-worm that eats blossoms.

II. iii. 34. *Distempered head.* One in which the bodily "humors" of the old physiology, blood, phlegm, bile, and black bile, are improperly blended or "tempered;" hence a disturbed state. Cf. "distemperature" in I. 40.

II. iii. 35. *Good morrow.* Farewell.

II. iii. 36. *Keeps his watch.* Is ever wakeful and on the alert. The primary meaning of "to watch" is "to be awake."

II. iii. 38. *Unbruised*. Uninjured. *Unstuff'd* with teeming thoughts and cares.

II. iii. 40. *Distemperature*. See note on l. 34 above.

II. iii. 52. *Lies*. Sing., because of the sing. conception of *both our remedies* ("the remedy for both of us"). But see *Introd.*, p. 45.

II. iii. 54. *Steads*. Aids.

I. iii. 55. *Homely*. Simple, plain. *Drift*. The tenor of your speech.

II. iii. 56. *Riddling*. Given in riddles. *Shrift*. Absolution.

II. iii. 60. *All combin'd*. The arrangement is complete.

II. iii. 63. *Pass'*. Walk along.

II. iii. 66. *Dear*. On form, see *Introd.*, p. 44.

II. iii. 68. *Hearts . . . eyes*. Real love was, of course, of the heart, while that of the eyes was mere passing fancy. For the conventional Elizabethan "debate" between hearts and eyes, see *Sonnets* xlvi, xlvii, and cxli, and the song in *The Merchant of Venice*, III. ii. 63ff, "Tell me where is fancy bred."

II. iii. 72. *Season*. Give a relish to. The figure recurs in *All's Well*, I. i. 55.

II. iii. 74. *Ancient*. Elderly. Note the play with *old*, earlier in the line.

II. iii. 86. *Grace*. Favor, kindness. *Allow*. Grant.

II. iii. 88. *Did read by rote*. Echoed phrases heard from others but had no real understanding of passion.

II. iii. 92. *To turn*. As to turn. On use of the infinitive, see *Introd.*, p. 46.

II. iii. 93. *I stand on*. It is of importance to me to use.

II. iv. A brilliant comedy scene, with the wit-combats of Mercutio and Romeo and the humor furnished by the Nurse. A notable transformation is shown in Romeo, produced by his love for Juliet. The sentimental, melancholy love-sickness of the earlier scenes is gone, and the hero is presented in an attractive guise, matching Mercutio at his favorite game of punning. With the mission of the Nurse the plans of the lovers for marriage proceed apace and the outlook is happy, except for the threat of trouble in Tybalt's challenge.

II. iv. 2. *To-night*. Last night. Cf. I. iv. 50.

II. iv. 8-11. *Answer*. Used in the sense now of replying to a letter, now of encountering in person. Cf. *Hamlet*, V. ii. 176, 177.

II. iv. 12. *Dared*. Challenged.

II. iv. 15. *Pin*. Center of the target: the black pin which

stuck through the middle of the white clout and fastened the target to a support.

II. iv. 16. *Butt-shaft*. An unbarbed arrow used for shooting at butts or targets.

II. iv. 19. *Prince of cats*. A play on Tybalt's name. Tibert (sometimes Tibalt) is the name of the cat in the famous medieval animal epic, *Reynard the Fox*.

II. iv. 20. *Captain of compliments*. Master of the laws of ceremony in dueling.

II. iv. 21. *Prick-song*. Music sung from notes (written or "pricked" down) and so formal and bookish. *Time, distance, and proportion*. Technical fencing terms. See Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*, I. v. 154, 155.

II. iv. 22. *Minim rests*. Half rests in music. Tybalt fences according to the rules, with the proper rests between strokes.

II. iv. 23. *Butcher of a silk button*. Is able to cut any button he pleases. Proverbial for a skillful swordsman.

II. iv. 24. *Of the very first house*. Meaning uncertain. Among other conjectures, the following have been made: of the best family; of the best school of fencing; of the first generation of descendants, and so an upstart.

II. iv. 25. *Of the first and second cause*. Ready to quarrel for the most trifling reasons, the progression of which in seriousness, according to the formal rules of quarreling, he can accurately define. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, I. ii. 184, and *As You Like It*, V. iv. 52-108, for the recognized causes of quarrel.

II. iv. 26. *Passado*. A step forward or aside in thrusting. *Punto reverso*. A back-handed stroke. *Hai*. A home-thrust. Technical Italian fencing terms. Mercutio ridicules the affected Italian fashion of fence in vogue among the fastidious.

II. iv. 28. *Pox*. A petty curse. *Antic*. Fantastic.

II. iv. 29. *Fantasticoes*. Fantastical coxcombs. *Tuners of accent*. Speakers in affected phrase. Mercutio then proceeds to mimic their style of speech and their fastidious diction.

II. iv. 30. *Blade*. Swordsman. *Tall*. Sturdy, valiant.

II. iv. 31. *Grandsire*. Applied with humorous exaggeration but some fitness to the staid Benvolio.

II. iv. 32. *Flies*. The affected Osric in *Hamlet* (V. ii. 84) is called a "water-fly," while courtiers are termed "gilded butterflies" in *Lear*, V. iii. 13.

II. iv. 33. *Fashion-mongers*. Those who affect the newest

fashions, fops. *Perdona-mi's*. Italian for "pardon me's." "These fellows with their snatches of foreign languages."

II. iv. 34. *Form*. In the sense of "fashion," suggesting the quibble on it in the sense of "bench." *Cannot sit at ease*. Perhaps a hit at the huge, stuffed breeches in fashion.

II. iv. 35. *Bones*. Perhaps a pun on "bon's." These gallants would cry affectedly "Bon!" (the French word) on seeing a good stroke.

II. iv. 38. *Without his roe*. Probably a pun on the first syllable of Romeo's name, which suggests the comparison following. Dowden quotes "A herring without a roe" as a term of contempt from *Troilus and Cressida*, V. i. 68.

II. iv. 39. *Fishified*. Simply, become like a fish, since he is like a dried herring.

II. iv. 40. *Laura*. Petrarch's love, who is addressed in his sonnets. These were the great models for amorous verse in Elizabethan England.

II. iv. 42. *Love*. Lover. *Dowdy*. Slattern; untidy, slovenly woman.

II. iv. 43. *Gipsy*. Egyptian. *Helen*, the heroine of the Trojan war. *Hero*, of the Hero and Leander episode. *Hildings*. Menial wretches. Note Mercutio's humorous alliteration.

II. iv. 44. *Thisbe*. Her story is told in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, V. i.

II. iv. 46. *Slop*. Large breeches in the French fashion. *Gave us the counterfeit*. Played us a trick. For the pun, see next note.

II. iv. 50. *Slip*. A counterfeit coin.

II. iv. 55. *Constrains a man to bow*. Note the pun on "strain courtesy" (curtsey bow) which Romeo proceeds to explain and still further play with (II. 56, 58). *Hams*. Thighs, knee-joints.

II. iv. 57. *Kindly*. Naturally, appropriately.

II. iv. 62. *Flower'd*, because *pink'd*, i. e., punched in holes in ornamental figures.

II. iv. 67. *Single-sol'd*. Thin, contemptible; with perhaps a quibble on "soul."

II. iv. 68. *Singleness*. Feebleness; Mercutio's jest is absolutely alone in its kind for silliness.

II. iv. 71. *Switch and spurs*. Urge on your wit with them.

II. iv. 72. *Cry a match*. Claim the victory.

II. iv. 73, 74. *Wild-goose chase*. A kind of "follow-the-leader" horse race. The horses were started together, the rider who gained the lead forcing the other to follow him,

wherever he chose to go. *Wild-goose* seems to have been used also in the sense of "rake." Cf. Fletcher's play, *The Wild-Goose Chase*.

II. iv. 76. *Was I with you*, etc. Did I hit you there about the goose?

II. iv. 79. *Bite thee by the ear*. An expression of endearment among horses.

II. iv. 80. *Good goose, bite not*. A "joculatory" proverb, as Ray's *Proverbs* gives it.

II. iv. 81. *Bitter sweeting*. The name of an apple.

II. iv. 83. *Well serv'd in*. Allusion to the apple sauce served with goose.

II. iv. 85. *Cheveril*. Kid leather.

II. iv. 86. *Ell*. An old measure of cloth; in England, 45 inches.

II. iv. 89. *A broad goose*. Romeo's exact meaning is not clear. *Broad* may mean plain, obvious. Perhaps a pun on "brood" or "brooding" goose is intended. Some editors, basing on F₁, read "far and wide abroad—goose."

II. iv. 93. *Drivelling*. Doting, foolish.

II. iv. 94. *Natural*. Idiot.

II. iv. 96. *Gear*. Matter, business.

II. iv. 100. *Anon*. Soon, immediately.

II. iv. 101. *Fan*. Doubtless a huge one, as was the fashion, requiring a man to carry it.

II. iv. 104. *God ye good morrow*. God give you a good morning. Mercutio mimics her.

II. iv. 105. *Good den*. Good evening. See note on I. ii. 57.

II. iv. 106. *Is it good den?* i. e., past noon.

II. iv. 109, 110. *Made . . . mar*. A favorite jingle. Cf. I. ii. 13, and note.

II. iv. 121. *Confidence*. The Nurse's blunder for *conference*. The same blunder is made by Mrs. Quickly (*Merry Wives*, I. iv. 172), and by Dogberry (*Much Ado*, III. v. 3).

II. iv. 123. *Indite*. Benvolio here ventures a jest, by changing, in the manner of the Nurse, "invite" to "indite."

II. iv. 124. *So ho!* The conventional cry of the hunter when he starts a hare. Romeo at once asks what game he has found.

II. iv. 138. "*Lady, lady, lady*." Refrain from the *Ballad of Susanna*, quoted in *Twelfth Night*, II. iii. 84.

II. iv. 139. *Merchant*. Fellow.

II. iv. 140. *Ropery*. Roguery.

II. iv. 143. *Stand to*. Maintain.

II. iv. 145. *Lustier*. More vigorous.

- II. iv. 146. *Jacks*. Fellows.
- II. iv. 147. *Flirt-gills*. Flirting women.
- II. iv. 148. *Skains-mates*. The word occurs nowhere else, and has not been satisfactorily explained. Malone's "cut-throat companions" fits the context fairly well. Perhaps the Nurse would have found difficulty in defining her meaning.
- II. iv. 154. *The law on my side*. Peter has been trained in the school of Sampson and Gregory. See I. i. 39ff.
- II. iv. 166. *Weak*. Indefensible.
- II. iv. 167. *Commend*. Remember.
- II. iv. 176. *Shrift*. Confession.
- II. iv. 178. *Shriv'd*. Confessed and absolved.
- II. iv. 180. *Go to*. A common phrase of expostulation. Cf. I. v. 79.
- II. iv. 184. *Tackled stair*. Rope ladder. Its nautical use suggests the following metaphor.
- II. iv. 185. *Top-gallant*. Top-gallant mast: small mast fixed to the head of the main or fore top-mast. So height, pinnacle.
- II. iv. 186. *Convoy*. Means of conducting me—carrying out the nautical figure.
- II. iv. 187. *Quit*. Requite, reward.
- II. iv. 188. *Mistress*. Trisyllable. See *Introd.*, p. 43.
- II. iv. 197. *Lay knife aboard*. Perhaps, share her table, marry her.
- II. iv. 200. *Properer*. Handsomer.
- II. iv. 201. *Versal*. Vulgarism for "universal."
- II. iv. 202. *Rosemary*. The symbol of remembrance, used especially at weddings and funerals. Cf. Ophelia's mention of it, *Hamlet*, IV. v. 175.
- II. iv. 203. *With a letter*. With the same letter.
- II. iv. 205. *The dog's name*, from its resemblance to a growl. "R is the dog's letter, and hirreth in the sound." (Ben Jonson in his *English Grammar*.) The Romans called R the dog's letter.
- II. iv. 207. *Sententious*. The Nurse's grammar appears to be uncertain. "I think the Nurse means *sentences* in the sense of adages or maxims . . . Possibly we should read *sententions*." (Dowden.)
- II. v. Another highly humorous scene. More preparation for the marriage.
- II. v. 7. *Doves* drew the chariot of Venus.
- II. v. 14. *Bandy*. Toss to and fro, hurry. Originally a term in tennis.
- II. v. 16. *Marry, feign*. Johnson's emendation for "many

feign" of the old editions. There may be a corruption in the text at II. 15-17.

II. v. 22. *Them*. Shakspeare in different places uses *news* as both singular and plural.

II. v. 25. *Give me leave*. Leave me alone. Cf. I. iii. 6.

II. v. 26. *Jaunce*. Hard jaunt.

II. v. 36. *Stay the circumstance*. Wait for the details.

II. v. 38. *Simple*. Silly.

II. v. 42. *Talked on*. Talked of. See Introd., p. 47.

II. v. 45. *Go thy ways*. Go on your way—about whatever you have to do. *Wench*. Girl. In familiar, but not vulgar usage. *What*. Well; by the way.

II. v. 52. *Beshrew*. Curse; but milder in sense than. Equivalent to "plague."

II. v. 63. *Come up*. A phrase of reproof or impatience, like "Go to."

II. v. 66. *Coil*. Fuss, confusion.

II. v. 71. *Wanton*. Untamed.

II. v. 72. *Be in scarlet*. Blush.

II. vi. The climax of the lovers' fortunes, clouded, however, by the omnipresent forebodings.

II. vi. 9. *These violent delights*. See note on II. iii. 28.

II. vi. 12. *His*. On use of *his* for *its*, see Introd., p. 44.

II. vi. 13. *Confounds*. Destroys.

II. vi. 21. *Confessor*. Accent on first syllable. See Introd., p. 43.

II. vi. 23. *As much, i. e.*, the same greeting.

II. vi. 25. *That*. Used instead of repeating *if*.

II. vi. 26. *Blazon*. To describe in proper heraldic terms, and so, as here, to describe fitly.

II. vi. 30. *Conceit*. Fancy, imagination.

II. vi. 32. *Worth*. Wealth. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*,

I. i. 15: "There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd."

II. vi. 34. *Sum of half, i. e.*, a total equal to only half.

ACT III.

III. i. The second act closed with Romeo and Juliet about to be married in spite of the conditions that had seemed to make their union impossible. But the tragic force of the feud now breaks rudely in, and the deaths of Mercutio and Tybalt make this scene the turning point from which the action moves on to its fatal close.

III. i. 6. *Me*. Ethical dative. Cf. *him* in l. 9 below. See Introd., p. 45.

- III. i. 8. *By the operation*, etc. By the time that the second cup of wine begins to affect him.
- III. i. 9. *Drawer*. Tapster, waiter.
- III. i. 12. *Jack*. Fellow. Cf. II. iv. 146.
- III. i. 13. *Mood*. Ill-humor.
- III. i. 14. *Moody*. Angry.
- III. i. 15. *What to?* Moved to what? In the next line Mercutio pretends to understand *to* as *two*.
- III. i. 33. *An*. If. Cf. I. i. 188, note.
- III. i. 34. *Fee-simple*. Absolute ownership.
- III. i. 40. *Good den*. Good even. Cf. I. ii. 57, note.
- III. i. 48. *Consort*. Mercutio puns on the two meanings, "keep company," and "a band of musicians."
- III. i. 51. *'Zounds*. By God's wounds; a disguised oath by the wounds of Christ.
- III. i. 54. *Reason coldly of*. Discuss coolly.
- III. i. 55. *Depart*. Separate.
- III. i. 65. Enables one to suppress the rage that should follow.
- III. i. 68. *Injuries*. Insults.
- III. i. 73. *Tender*. Hold.
- III. i. 76. *Alla stoccata carries it away*. The fencer wins the day. *Alla stoccata* is Italian for "with the rapier-thrust."
- III. i. 77. *Rat-catcher*. Cf. "king of cats" in l. 79, and cf. II. iv. 19, and note. *Walk*. Step aside with me.
- III. i. 81. *Dry-beat*. Beat soundly.
- III. i. 83. *His pilcher*. Its scabbard. The word is not known elsewhere in this sense. Cf. *Introd.*, p. 44.
- III. i. 87. *Passado*. A step forward or aside in fencing. Cf. II. iv. 26.
- III. i. 89. *Outrage*. Trisyllabic. See *Introd.*, p. 43.
- III. i. 93. *Sped*. Done for.
- III. i. 105. *The book of arithmetic*. The textbook of fencing.
- III. i. 120. *Aspir'd*. Soared to.
- III. i. 122. *Moe*. Comparative of *many*.
- III. i. 126. *Respective lenity*. Considerate mildness.
- III. i. 127. *Conduct*. Guide.
- III. i. 137. *Amaz'd*. Stupefied.
- III. i. 139. *Fool*. Mock, sport.
- III. i. 145. *Discover*. Reveal.
- III. i. 146. *Manage*. Conduct, course.
- III. i. 157. *Nice*. Foolishly trivial.
- III. i. 160. *Take truce*, etc. Make peace with the ungovernable rage.

III. i. 171. *Envious*. Malicious.

III. i. 173. *By and by*. Soon. Cf. II. ii. 151 and III. iii. 76.

III. i. 191. *I have an interest*—as a kinsman of Mercutio's.

III. i. 193. *Amerce*. Punish by fine.

III. ii. The main function of this scene is to give the first assurance that Juliet is to remain true to Romeo in spite of the death of Tybalt. Her ignorance of this fact adds the poignancy of irony to the lyric fervor of her opening speech, which, as has often been noted, is essentially an epithalamium or marriage song.

III. ii. 2. *Phæbus'*. Apollo, the sun-god's.

III. ii. 3. *Phaëthon*. The son of Helios, who obtained from his father the privilege of driving the chariot of the sun for a day. He was too weak to restrain the horses, and nearly destroyed the universe.

III. ii. 6. *Runaway's eyes*. No convincing explanation of this famous difficulty has been found. The foregoing allusion to Phaëthon makes more plausible the interpretation of *runaway* as the sun, whose horses ran away with him; and we might suppose that the article "the" is absorbed in *that*. For a summary of the attempts made to solve this puzzle, see Appendix to Furness's *Variorum* edition.

III. ii. 10. *Civil*. Sober, quiet.

III. ii. 12. The terms in this line are from falconry. A hawk when *unmann'd*, or not completely trained to submit to being handled, was hooded to stop its *bating*, or fluttering.

III. ii. 13. *Strange*. Shy.

III. ii. 23. *Garish*. Glaring.

III. ii. 38. *Envious*. Cf. III. i. 171, note.

III. ii. 43. *Ay*. Usually printed "I" in Shakspeare's time.

III. ii. 45. *Cockatrice*. A fabulous serpent, supposed to be able to kill with its glance.

III. ii. 49. *Determine of*. Decide.

III. ii. 51. *God save the mark!* God have mercy on us! The origin of the phrase is disputed, but *mark* probably means "race," as in Chaucer's phrase, "all the mark of Adam," *Canterbury Tales*, D 696. The first Quarto reads, *God save the sample*.

III. ii. 54. *Gore-blood*. Clotted blood.

III. ii. 76. *Just*. Exact, precise. *Justly*. Exactly.

III. ii. 106. *Worser*. See *Introd.*, p. 44.

III. ii. 115. *Needly*. Of necessity.

III. ii. 118. *Modern*. Ordinary.

III. ii. 124. *Sound*. Utter; or, less probably, reach to the bottom of.

III. ii. 125. *Is*. See Introd., p. 45.

III. ii. 135. *Wot*. Know.

III. iii. This scene shows Romeo's behavior under the blow of his banishment, as the previous scene showed Juliet's.

III. iii. 1. *Fearful*. Full of fear.

III. iii. 2. *Parts*. Gifts, qualities.

III. iii. 10. *Vanish'd*. Issued, passed.

III. iii. 20. *Exile*. Accented on second syllable. Contrast 1. 13, above, and 43, below, and see Introd., p. 43.

III. iii. 26. *Rush'd aside*. Dodged.

III. iii. 33. *Validity*. Worth, value.

III. iii. 34. *Courtship*. The ideas of "courtiership" and "wooing" seem to be combined here.

III. iii. 45. *Mean of death*. Shakspeare often uses *mean* for modern "means."

III. iii. 52. *Fond*. Foolish.

III. iii. 63. Let me discuss your situation with you.

III. iii. 76. *By and by*. Immediately. Cf. III. i. 73 and II. ii. 151:

III. iii. 77. *Simpleness*. Folly.

III. iii. 87. *Blubb'ring*. This word was not undignified in Elizabethan English.

III. iii. 90. *O*. Expression of grief.

III. iii. 94. *Old*. Confirmed.

III. iii. 98. *Conceal'd lady*. Secret wife.

III. iii. 103. *Level*. Line of fire.

III. iii. 115. *Temper'd*. Composed, blended.

III. iii. 122. *Wit*. Intelligence.

III. iii. 123. *Which*. See Introd., p. 45.

III. iii. 127. *Digressing*. Deviating.

III. iii. 134. *Dismemb'red*. Blown to pieces with the powder with which you should have defended yourself.

III. iii. 151. *Blaze*. Publish.

III. iii. 166. *Here stands all your state*. Your fortune depends entirely on your acting as follows.

III. iii. 174. *Brief*. Soon.

III. iv. In this scene is introduced the factor that interferes with the plan just outlined by the Friar, and produces the complication that leads to the catastrophe.

III. iv. 2. *Move*. Speak to.

III. iv. 11. *Mew'd up*. Shut up—originally in a case, as a hawk when it is "mewing" or molting.

III. iv. 12. *Desperate tender*. Rash offer.

III. iv. 34. *Afore me!* God before me! Before God!

III. v. This scene falls into two parts. The first, the parting of the lovers, shows that we have passed the culmination of the love story. The fact that it so closely resembles a conventional dawn song helps us to realize its fervid lyrical quality. In the second part, the fatal motive of the match with Paris rapidly makes Juliet's position untenable, and forces her to take matters into her own hands. The ripening of the heroine's character under the tremendous strain of events is remarkably portrayed.

III. v. 3. *Fearful.* Cf. III. iii. 1, note.

III. v. 20. *Reflex of Cynthia's brow.* Reflection of the face of the moon.

III. v. 29. *Division.* Melody; originally thought of as the dividing of a succession of long notes into short ones.

III. v. 31. *Change eyes.* This was a popular belief, because the toad's eyes are beautiful, and the lark's ugly. If they had changed voices, Juliet would not be reminded by the lark's song that day had come.

III. v. 34. *Hunt's-up.* The song to awaken hunters. It was also used as a morning song to a newly married wife.

III. v. 43. *Friend* was often used in the sense of lover. Dowden prints *love-lord, ay, husband-friend*, thinking to avoid anti-climax.

III. v. 54. *Ill-divining.* Anticipating evil. Note once more the use of presentiment. Cf. II. ii. 177, note.

III. v. 59. *Dry sorrow, etc.* It was believed that sorrow and sighing dried up the blood.

III. v. 67. *Down.* In bed.

III. v. 68. *Procures.* Induces her to come.

III. v. 74. *Wit.* Intelligence. Cf. III. iii. 122.

III. v. 75. *Feeling.* Deeply felt.

III. v. 95. *Dead.* Understood by Juliet to go with what follows, meant to be understood by her mother to go with what precedes.

III. v. 98. *Temper.* Mix.

III. v. 106. *Needy.* Poor in joy.

III. v. 112. *In happy time.* A vague exclamation, getting its color from the particular context. Here it means little more than, "Well, then," with a slight ironical flavor. Contrast "In good time," I. ii. 45, and note.

III. v. 142. *Take me with you.* Let me understand you.

III. v. 145. *Wrought.* Brought it about.

III. v. 146. *Bride*. Used for both sexes in Elizabethan English.

III. v. 150. *Chop-logic*. Quibbler.

III. v. 152. *Minion*. Spoiled darling.

III. v. 154. *Fettle*. Put in condition. 'Gainst. In preparation for.

III. v. 157. *Green-sickness*. An ailment of young girls. Cf. II. ii. 8, note.

The language applied by Capulet would hardly seem to the Elizabethans so disgusting as to us. Clarke notes how the phrase indicates to us the paleness of Juliet as she realizes her situation.

III. v. 169. *Hilding*. Base wretch. Cf. II. iv. 43.

III. v. 172. *Smatter*. Chatter.

III. v. 173. *God ye god-den*. God give you good even. Cf. I. ii. 57, note.

III. v. 175. *Gossip's bowl*. The drink at a christening feast, the original sense of *gossip* being a sponsor at baptism.

III. v. 177, 178. For the meter of these lines, see Introd., p. 41.

III. v. 183. *Parts*. Qualities.

III. v. 186. *Mammet*. Doll. *In her fortune's tender*. When good fortune is offered her.

III. v. 192. *Lay hand on heart*. Give it serious consideration.

III. v. 216. *Challenge*. Claim.

III. v. 222. *Green*. Many passages have been collected from old writers showing that green eyes were much admired.

III. v. 223. *Beshrew*. Curse. Cf. II. v. 52, and note.

ACT IV

This is Juliet's act. Romeo does not appear in it; and during his absence in Mantua, the heroine faces her desperate situation, accepts the Friar's plan, and carries it through with superb courage and self-mastery. The maturing of character noted in the last act proceeds more rapidly than ever, while the network of entanglement closes in round the lovers.

IV. i. 3. *To slack*. That I should slacken. Or the line may be taken as a virtual double negative with intensifying force.

IV. i. 5. *Uneven*. Not straightforward.

IV. i. 11. *Marriage*. Trisyllabic. See Introd., p. 43.

IV. i. 28. *Spoke*. See Introd., p. 46.

IV. i. 29. *Abus'd*. Disfigured.

IV. i. 38. *Evening mass.* In the sixteenth century mass was still at times celebrated in the evening.

IV. i. 40. *Entreat the time alone.* Ask to be left alone.

IV. i. 41. *Shield.* Forbid.

IV. i. 45. *Care.* The first Quarto reads *cure*.

IV. i. 48. *Prorogue.* Postpone.

IV. i. 57. *Label.* Used for the seal which was attached to a deed by means of a label or slip of parchment.

IV. i. 64. *Commission.* Warrant, authority.

IV. i. 83. *Reeky.* Foul. *Chapless.* Lacking the lower jaw.

IV. i. 94. *Distilling.* The first Quarto reads *distilled*; but it may mean "penetrating." Cf. "The leperous distilment" and its effects in *Hamlet*, I. v. 64 ff.

IV. i. 97. *Surcease.* Cease.

IV. i. 105. *Two and forty hours.* The critics have been much disturbed because the period indicated would carry Juliet's sleep beyond the hour implied in V. iii. 147. But the audience in the theater is hardly likely to make arithmetical calculations exact enough to reveal the inconsistency.

IV. i. 113. *Against*, etc. In preparation for thy awaking. Cf. IV. ii. 46.

IV. i. 119. *Inconstant toy.* Trifling fickleness.

IV. ii. 14. *Harlotry.* Wench, slut. Abstract for concrete.

IV. ii. 26. *Becomed.* Befitting. Trisyllabic.

IV. ii. 33. *Closet.* Private chamber.

IV. ii. 34. *Sort.* Select.

IV. iii. 5. *Cross.* Perverse.

IV. iii. 8. *Behoveful.* Fitting, necessary.

IV. iii. 29. *Still been tried.* Always been proved.

IV. iii. 37. *Conceit.* Idea.

IV. iii. 39. *As.* Namely. *Receptacle.* For accent see *Introd.*, p. 43.

IV. iii. 42. *Green in earth.* Newly buried.

IV. iii. 47. *Mandrakes'.* The forked root of the mandragora bears some resemblance to the human figure, and when pulled out of the earth it was supposed to utter shrieks that drove the hearer mad.

IV. iii. 49. *Distraught.* Distracted.

IV. iii. 57. *Stay.* Hold back.

IV. iv. Note in this light scene the irony of the bustle of preparations which the audience knows to be in vain.

IV. iv. 2. *Pastry.* The room where paste was made.

IV. iv. 4. *Curfew-bell.* Strictly, of course, an evening bell; but *N. E. D.* quotes this passage from the *Liverpool Municipal*

Records of 1673 and 1704: "Ring Curphew all the yeare long at 4 a clock in the morning and eight at a night."

IV. iv. 6. *Cot-quean*. A man who meddles with household matters.

IV. iv. 8. *Watching*. Waking.

IV. iv. 11. *Mouse-hunt*. Pursuer of women.

IV. iv. 13. *Jealous-hood*. Jealousy; abstract for concrete, jealous woman.

IV. iv. 21. *Logger-head*. Blockhead.

IV. v. The quartette of wailing by the Nurse, the father and mother, and Paris is so nearly absurd here that some critics have thought that Shakspeare was burlesquing similar exaggerated scenes in contemporary tragedy. Cf. *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, V. i. The comic dialogue at the close of the scene hardly serves, as some of Shakspeare's comic scenes do, to throw the serious passage into higher relief. The whole scene is archaic, and may be presumed to stand as it was written in the earlier form of the play. See *Introd.*, p. 37.

IV. v. 38. *Thought long*. Yearned.

IV. v. 57. *Uncomfortable*. Discomforting, joyless.

IV. v. 69, 70. *Advanc'd*. Promoted . . . raised up.

IV. v. 73. *Well*. "We use to say the dead are well," *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. v. 32.

IV. v. 76. *Rosemary*. A symbol of immortality, used both at weddings and at funerals. Cf. l. 86, below, and II. iv. 202.

IV. v. 79. *Fond*. Foolish.

IV. v. 96. *Case*. There is probably a pun here on the "case" in which the instruments were put up.

IV. v. 99. [PETER.] Q₂ reads *Enter Will Kemp*, showing that this part was played by the famous comedian.

IV. v. 105. *Dump*. A mournful tune.

IV. v. 112. *Gleek*. Scoff.

IV. v. 113. *Give you the minstrel*. Usually, but not very convincingly, explained as a pun on "gligman," gleeman or minstrel, with reference to *gleek*, above. It may mean merely, "call you minstrel," to which "give you the serving-creature" is parallel, both *minstrel* and *serving-creature* being meant scornfully.

IV. v. 117. *Carry no crotchets*. Bear no whims; with a pun on the musical meaning of *crotchets*, carried out by *note*, below.

IV. v. 123. *Dry-beat*. Cf. III. i. 81, note.

IV. v. 125-127. From a poem by Richard Edwards.

IV. v. 129. *Catling*. A fiddlestring of catgut.

- IV. v. 132. *Rebeck*. A three-stringed fiddle.
 IV. v. 135. *Soundpost*. "The pillar or peg which supports the belly of a stringed instrument." (Dowden.)
 IV. v. 145. *Jack!* Fellow! contemptuously. Cf. III. i. 12.

ACT V

V. i. This scene exhibits in Romeo a growth in character parallel to that seen in Juliet in Act IV. The wordy expression of grief which marked him in III. iii. is now past, and he shows himself a man capable of rapid decision and determined action. In regard to the plot, the scene shows the last movement of the tragic action started by Romeo's ignorance of the Friar's plan.

V. i. 1. *Flattering truth of sleep*. Pleasing dreams that seem true. *Q*₁ reads *flattering eye*.

V. i. 3. *Bosom's lord*. Heart.

V. i. 6-9. Note here again the irony so pervasive in this play.

V. i. 24. *Stars!* Romeo defies the destiny that had fated him to live without Juliet.

V. i. 28, 29. *Import some misadventure*. Signify some evil happening.

V. i. 38. 'A. He: a common colloquial form.

V. i. 39. *Overwhelming*. Overhanging.

V. i. 40. *Simples*. Medicinal herbs.

V. i. 51. *Present*. Immediate.

V. i. 60. *Soon-speeding gear*. Stuff that will operate quickly.

V. i. 67. *Utters*. Sells.

V. ii. In this short scene Shakspeare unobtrusively presents the element of chance—the non-delivery of the letter—which precipitates the tragedy.

V. ii. 5, 6. The Franciscans (*bare-foot brothers*) went about in pairs.

V. ii. 18. *Nice*. Trivial. *Charge*. Importance.

V. ii. 19. *Dear*. This adjective is often used with a merely intensive force.

V. ii. 26. *Beshrew*. Curse.

V. iii. In this final scene the conflict between the wills of the lovers and the unfavorable social situation produces the catastrophe. But there is no spiritual disaster, for the lovers keep faith to the end; and, even externally, their death is not sheer waste, for it leads to the reconciliation of the feud between their families and produces civil peace.

- V. iii. 1. *Stage-dir.* *Sweet water.* Perfumed water.
- V. iii. 3. *All along.* At full length.
- V. iii. 14. *Which.* The antecedent is flowers, l. 12.
- V. iii. 20. *Cross.* Interfere with.
- V. iii. 32. *Dear.* Of great and intimate importance to me.
- V. iii. 33. *Jealous.* Suspicious.
- V. iii. 45. *Detestable.* For accent see Introd., p. 43.
- V. iii. 68. *Conjurations.* . Entreaties.
- V. iii. 86. *Presence.* Room of state.
- V. iii. 96. *Advanced.* Raised.
- V. iii. 110. *Set up my . . . rest.* Be fully determined. Originally derived from games of cards, especially primero, where it meant to bet on one's hand.
- V. iii. 111. *Shake the yoke,* etc. Cf. V. i. 24, and note.
- V. iii. 115. *Dateless.* Without limit. *Engrossing.* Acquiring wholesale.
- V. iii. 121. *Be my speed.* Prosper me.
- V. iii. 122. *Stumbled.* An ill omen.
- V. iii. 136. *Unthrifty.* Unfortunate. F₁ reads *unlucky.*
- V. iii. 148. *Comfortable.* Comforting.
- V. iii. 162. *Timeless.* Untimely.
- V. iii. 170. *Rust.* Q₁ reads *rest.*
- V. iii. 173. *Attach.* Arrest.
- V. iii. 181. *Circumstance.* The details.
- V. i. 214. *Manners is.* See Introd., p. 45.
- V. iii. 216. *Outrage.* Passionate outcry.
- V. iii. 247. *As.* A redundant particle, formerly common with adverbs and adverbial phrases of time.
- V. iii. 250. *Which.* See Introd., p. 45.
- V. iii. 270. *Still.* Always.
- V. iii. 280. *Made.* Was doing.
- V. iii. 294. *Winking at.* Shutting my eyes to.
- V. iii. 295. *Brace of kinsmen.* Mercutio and Paris.

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APPENDIX

(Adapted, and enlarged, from the *Manual for the Study of English Classics*, by George L. Marsh)

HELPS TO STUDY

THE DRAMA

In what did the drama originate?

Describe briefly the miracle plays, or "mysteries," telling where they were performed, by whom, and what, in general, was their subject matter (pp. 17-20).

What elements were contained in the miracle plays that had an influence toward the development of comedy?

What were moralities? Interludes?

What foreign influences contributed to the development of the Elizabethan drama (pp. 22-23)?

Name several of Shakspeare's predecessors in the drama. Who was the greatest of them?

Describe briefly the theater of Shakspeare's day (pp. 29, 30). The characteristics of an Elizabethan audience. Did Shakspeare write his plays for posterity or to please an audience of his own time?

SHAKSPERE'S CAREER

When and where was Shakspeare born?

What can you say as to his education (p. 24)? His occupations before he went to London?

What do we know about his early years in London?

What were his first dramatic efforts (p. 26)? What other literary work, besides the writing of plays, did he do?

Learn the general characteristics of Shakspeare's work during each of the four periods into which it is divided, and the names of representative plays of each period (pp. 31-34).

Perry Pictures 73-75 have to do with Shakspeare and his home.

ROMEO AND JULIET—GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS

What is the probable date of composition of this play (pp. 36, 37)? Its position, chronologically, among Shakspeare's plays? What are the facts as to editions of it?

What is the main direct source of the play? The general history of the story (pp. 38, 39)? What are the most noteworthy changes Shakspeare made (p. 39)?

As in the case of other plays of Shakspeare, find examples of the various metrical characteristics described on pages 40-43; and of the peculiarities of language discussed on pages 43-47.

Pay close attention to the remarks in the Notes (pp. 176, 179, etc.) as to the main function of each scene in the play as a whole. Specific details in support of the editor's suggestions should be sought, and of course criticism is proper if based on evidence from the text.

The use of prose and verse is, as usual, worth study. For example, in the very first scene the servants in their serio-comic talk use prose; but as soon as characters of higher station appear and the quarrel becomes more serious, verse is used. Similar changes may be noted elsewhere.

Various matters of style demand attention: the frequent use of rime, even alternative rime; of conceits, word-play, balance, etc.; the lyrical character of much of the play. Specific lyrical passages of special importance are the sonnet when Romeo and Juliet meet; Juliet's evening song (*serena*) or epithalamium (III, ii); and the *alba* or dawn song at the beginning of III, iv.

How much of an effort seems to be made to give an Italian coloring to the play? Point out ways in which action, characters, and atmosphere seem appropriate to the scene. How has this play been used in relation to the contention that Shakspeare visited Italy?

What is approximately the duration of time of the play? The time-scheme may easily be worked out, and the movement will be found astonishingly rapid, especially in comparison with the source. What is the effect of this?

What do you think of the plot structure? The following brief analysis may be tested: Exciting force, the love at first sight of Romeo and Juliet; rising action, culminating in their marriage; turning point and tragic force, Romeo's banishment; a period of suspense when the potion acts properly; catastrophe, the death of both lovers by their own hands, when each thinks the other dead. Thus the main story is that of the "star-cross'd lovers"; the feud of their families is an enveloping or background action. The "course of true love" is complicated very slightly by the preliminary love of Romeo for Rosaline; much more by the love of Paris for Juliet.

The acts of the play have rather exceptional unity. They may be examined in detail to determine the soundness of these titles for them: (1) meeting; (2) marriage; (3) separation; (4) efforts for reunion; (5) failure and death.

The structure of single scenes is in a number of cases very skillful; e. g., the two quarrel scenes. These should be studied with staging in mind, the grouping of characters, etc.

Preparation is very carefully handled in this play. Note the following examples and supplement them: hints in the prologues to acts I and II; the Prince's threat (p. 55); Benvolio's suggestion that Romeo "examine other beauties" (p. 60); the remarks of Romeo and Juliet when

they learn each other's identity (pp. 78, 79); Juliet's further misgivings in the balcony scene; the introduction of Friar Lawrence as interested in herbs and poisons (pp. 90, 91); the Friar's hope of ending strife between the families; Benvolio's first speech in III, i, etc.

Note how the comic elements of the play are interwoven with the tragic. A striking example is Mercutio's persistence in witticisms as he is dying (pp. 110, 111). Are the comic parts ever out of harmony?

Work out the way in which the characters are balanced in pairs; e. g., the two lovers, their parents, the confidantes, the various partisans of the rival families, etc.

In what way and to what extent do Romeo and Juliet develop in character? Is it reasonable to expect real character development in five or six days? How else may the changes in the lovers be reasonably explained? Is the tragic result of the play in any way due to the character of the lovers?

Do you consider Romeo's love of Rosaline merely fanciful, or a genuine love? Examine the evidence carefully, for commentators have taken both sides of the question.

Note that the Nurse is in function one of the most conventional of stage characters—the confidante—but has been made completely individual. How has this been done?

What do you think of the contention that Friar Lawrence is a sort of chorus to express the poet's own sober judgment? Is he not a confidante for Romeo (to a degree for both lovers) as the Nurse is for Juliet?

Do you think the play exhibits the fatal results of immoderate passion; or is it really a glorification of true love? What is actually accomplished even though the lovers die?

Is it a defect that the tragedy is to so great an extent a result of mere chance? Make a careful list of the things that result badly through chance alone.

What has been the comparative popularity of *Romeo and Juliet*, among Shakspeare's plays, on the stage? How do you account for it?

Perry Picture 1117 is Makowsky's *Romeo and Juliet*.

DETAILS OF THE PLAY

What does the Prologue (p. 51) accomplish? What is its most significant line (or phrase)?

Wherein is the introductory scene particularly effective? Points to note are: the remarkable directness with which the family feud that causes the whole tragedy is forced on the attention; the small amount of formal exposition that is needed; the crescendo effect up to the arrival of the Prince.

How is Romeo introduced (p. 56)? Note the romantic interest at once aroused.

What is gained for the play by the plans expounded in I, ii?

What is accomplished by the long conversations of the Nurse (pp. 66 ff., etc.)? What important fact as to the relation of Juliet to her family and whole environment is very soon brought out?

Has Mercutio's Queen Mab speech (p. 71) anything to do with the play? Does it reveal character? On what ground may it be defended?

The staging of the masquerade scene (pp. 75-79, especially) should be worked out, or discussed by those who have seen the play well presented. It gains much in effectiveness when one realizes how the persons on the stage are grouped and how the bits of disjointed conversation are handled.

What is the precise form of the first conversation of *Romeo and Juliet* (pp. 77, 78)? What other parts of the play have similar form? With what difference?

List the elements that contribute to the effectiveness of

the balcony scene (pp. 82 ff.). Do you find it marred in any way?

Why should Friar Lawrence talk at once of herbs and poisons in II, iii (p. 91)? What subtle preparation is involved?

Why should II, iv and v, be so prolonged with comedy? How do you interpret the fact that Romeo—who was so love-sick and melancholy at the beginning of the play—now takes part in the comedy?

Examine in detail the way in which the fatal quarrel scene (III, i) is handled—stage groupings, climactic arrangement, etc. What is the effect of having Romeo's well meant interference result so badly?

What do you think of the assertion which has been made, that Shakspeare had to "kill off" Mercutio or he would have run away with the play?

Note the balance of scenes two and three in act III; one showing Juliet, the other Romeo, in misfortune. Which makes the better impression?

Is the hurrying of the marriage to Paris well accounted for? What sort of preparation has there been for the harshness of the Capulets toward Juliet?

Do you see any defense for the comic interlude of the servants at the end of IV, v (pp. 155-6)? For example, can it be justified in the same way as the Porter scene in *Macbeth*; or do you find vital differences?

What elements of effectiveness do you find in the potion scene (pp. 148-9)?

Note the striking effect of contrast at the beginning of V, i; the way in which Romeo receives news of Juliet's death (p. 158); the scene with the Apothecary.

Why should the play continue after both lovers are dead? What is accomplished? Is it necessary or useful?

THEME SUBJECTS

1. Shakspeare's life (pp. 24-35).
2. The drama before Shakspeare (pp. 17-23).
3. The stage of Shakspeare's time (with illustration of how different parts of this play were presumably staged).
4. A history of the legend of Romeo and Juliet (pp. 38, 39).
5. The relations of the play and Brooke's poem.
6. An imaginary scene between Romeo and Rosaline (to account for his state of mind at the beginning of the play).
7. An imaginary account of the beginning of the feud between the Montagues and the Capulets.
8. A narrative summary of the feud as it appears in the play (with the least possible attention to the love story).
9. A similar summary of the story of Romeo and Juliet (with the least possible attention to other matters, such as the feud).
10. Character sketches of Romeo, Juliet, Friar Lawrence, the Nurse, Mercutio, Capulet, Paris—any other character who seems worth treating in detail.
11. The plot structure of the play (which may start with elucidation or criticism of material suggested on p. 217).
12. The time-scheme of *Romeo and Juliet*—a careful explanation, from hints within the play, of the time when the successive events happen.
13. Characteristics of Shakspeare's early workmanship in this play, involving such topics as the use of rime, conceits, and plays on words; artificialities in relation to Romeo's first love, the noisy mourning of the Capulets, etc.
14. The use of comedy in *Romeo and Juliet*. All comic scenes should be examined in their relation to serious

matter; comic characters classified; methods of securing comic effects noted, etc.

15. The lyrical elements in the play (most of which have been indicated in the preceding "Helps to Study").

16. The Italian element—how definite an impression of Italian setting, characters, etc., is given?

17. The role of chance in *Romeo and Juliet*—a careful study of all events in which chance plays an important part.

18. Various problems (most of them suggested in "Helps to Study" above) may be used for argumentative discussion; e. g., the genuineness of Romeo's love for Rosaline, the proper interpretation of Friar Lawrence's character, the lesson of the play (if it has one).

19. Impressions of a stage presentation of *Romeo and Juliet*; or this may be made more specific—My favorite Juliet, My favorite Romeo, or something of the sort.

SELECTIONS FOR CLASS READING.

1. Romeo in love (pp. 56-61).
2. Queen Mab (pp. 71, 72).
3. The meeting of Romeo and Juliet (pp. 75, 77-79).
4. The balcony scene (pp. 82-90—with perhaps some omissions).
5. The Nurse and Romeo (pp. 97-101).
6. The Nurse and Juliet (pp. 102-105).
7. A street brawl (pp. 107-112).
8. Juliet receives bad news (pp. 115-19).
9. Romeo's lament (pp. 120-23).
10. The Friar's advice (pp. 125-27, 142-44).
11. The dawn song (pp. 129-31).
12. The potion scene (pp. 147-49).
13. Romeo hears of Juliet's death (pp. 157-60).
14. Romeo at the tomb (pp. 164-66).
15. Juliet revives (pp. 168, 169).
16. Reconciliation (pp. 172-74).

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

In the following parallel columns are given the most important dates in the history of English and American literature, from the time of Shakspeare down to 1900. Special care has been taken to include the classics commonly read in high schools, so that the historical background of any given classic will be apparent from the table:

| AMERICAN | ENGLISH |
|--|---|
| | 1594-5 Shakspeare: <i>Midsummer Night's Dream</i> . |
| | 1596 (or earlier): <i>Romeo and Juliet</i> . |
| | 1598 (or earlier): <i>The Merchant of Venice</i> . |
| | 1599 <i>Henry V</i> . |
| | 1599-1600 <i>As You Like It</i> . |
| 1601-1700 | |
| 1607 Jamestown founded. | 1601 <i>Julius Cæsar</i> . |
| 1608 J. Smith: <i>A True Relation</i> . | 1602 <i>Hamlet; Twelfth Night</i> (acted). |
| 1610 Strachey: <i>A True Reportory</i> . | 1603 Queen Elizabeth died. |
| | 1605 Bacon: <i>Advancement of Learning</i> . |
| | 1610 Shakspeare: <i>Macbeth</i> (acted). |
| | 1611 <i>The Tempest</i> (acted). "King James" Bible printed. |
| | 1612 Bacon: <i>Essays</i> (first edition, 1597). |
| | 1614 Raleigh: <i>History of the World</i> . |
| | 1616 Shakspeare died. |
| 1620 Plymouth Colony founded. | 1620 Bacon: <i>Novum Organum</i> . |

AMERICAN

- 1624 J. Smith: *The General History of Virginia.*
- 1630 Massachusetts Bay Colony founded.
Bradford: *History of Plimoth Plantation* begun about this time.
Winthrop: *Journal* begun, ended 1649.
- 1635 R. Mather: *Journal* (written).
- 1636 Harvard College established.
- 1638 New Haven founded.
- 1640 *The Bay Psalm Book.*
- 1644 Williams: *The Bloody Tenent.*
- 1650 A. Bradstreet: *Poems.*
- 1662 Wigglesworth: *The Day of Doom.*
- 1681 C. Mather: *Diary* begun.
- 1682 Philadelphia founded.
- 1689 King William's War.
- 1692 Salem witchcraft trials.

ENGLISH

- 1623 Shakspeare: *Plays* (first folio edition).
- 1627 Drayton: *Ballad of Agincourt.*
- 1633 Milton: *L'Allegro and Il Penseroso.*
- 1634 Milton: *Comus* (acted).
- 1638 Trial of John Hampden.
Milton: *Lycidas* (published).
- 1642 Theaters closed.
Browne: *Religio Medici.*
- 1644 Milton: *Areopagitica.*
Battle of Marston Moor.
- 1648 Herrick: *Hesperides.*
- 1649 Charles I executed.
- 1653 Walton: *The Compleat Angler.*
- 1660 The monarchy restored.
Pepys: *Diary* begun, ended 1669.
- 1666 London fire.
- 1667 Milton: *Paradise Lost.*
- 1671 Milton: *Paradise Regained; Samson Agonistes.*
- 1674 Milton died.
- 1678 Bunyan: *Pilgrim's Progress.*
- 1681 Dryden: *Absalom and Achitophel.*
- 1682 Dryden: *MacFlecknoe.*
- 1688 The English Revolution.
- 1697 Dryden: *Alexander's Feast.*

1701-1800

AMERICAN

- 1701 Yale College established.
 1702-13 Queen Anne's War.
 1702 C. Mather: *Magnalia Christi Americana*.
 1704 Boston News Letter established.
 1722 Edwards: *Diary* begun.
 1732 Washington born.
 1733 Franklin: *Poor Richard's Almanac* (begun).
 1741 Edwards: *Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God*.
 1755 Braddock's defeat.
 1756 Woolman: *Journal* (begun).
 1758 Franklin: *The Way to Wealth in Poor Richard's Almanac*.

ENGLISH

- 1700 Dryden: *Fables* ("Palamon and Arcite," etc.).
 1702 Queen Anne ascended throne.
 1704 Swift: *Tale of a Tub*.
 1709 Steele and Addison: *The Tatler* begun.
 1711 Steele and Addison: *The Spectator* begun.
 1712 Pope: *The Rape of the Lock*.
 1714 Queen Anne died.
 1715 Pope: *Translation of the Iliad* (Books I-IV).
 1719 Defoe: *Robinson Crusoe*.
 1722 Defoe: *Journal of the Plague Year*.
 1726 Swift: *Gulliver's Travels*.
 Thomson: *Winter*.
 1728 Pope: *Dunciad*.
 1732 Pope: *Essay on Man*.
 1740 Richardson: *Pamela*.
 1742 Fielding: *Joseph Andrews*.
 1744 Death of Pope.
 1747 Gray: *Ode on Eton College*.
 1748 Richardson: *Clarissa Harlowe*.
 1749 Fielding: *Tom Jones*.
 1750 Johnson: *The Rambler* (begun).
 1751 Gray: *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*.
 1755 Johnson: *English Dictionary*.

AMERICAN

ENGLISH

- 1765 Godfrey: *Juvenile Poems*
(with *The Prince of Parthia*, the first American drama).
The Stamp Act.
- 1771 Franklin: *Autobiography*,
first part, written.
- 1773 P. Wheatley: *Poems*.
- 1775 Trumbull: *M'Fingal*.
Henry: Speech in the
Virginia Convention.
- 1776 The Declaration of Independence.
Paine: *Common Sense*.
- 1783 The Treaty of Paris.
- 1785 Dwight: *The Conquest of Canaan*.
- 1786 Freneau: *Poems*.
- 1789 Franklin: *Autobiography*,
second part, written.
- 1796 Washington: *Farewell Address*.
- 1798 Brown: *Wieland*.
J. Hopkinson: *Hail Columbia*.

- 1759 Sterne: *Tristram Shandy*
(begun).
Johnson: *Rasselas*.
- 1760 King George III on
throne.
- 1762 Macpherson: *The Poems of Ossian*.
- 1764 Walpole: *The Castle of Otranto*.
Goldsmith: *The Traveler*.
- 1765 Percy: *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*.
- 1766 Goldsmith: *Vicar of Wakefield*.
- 1770 Goldsmith: *Deserted Village*.
- 1771 *Encyclopedia Britannica*,
first edition.
- 1773 Goldsmith: *She Stoops to Conquer* (acted).
- 1775 Burke: *Speech on Conciliation*.
Sheridan: *The Rivals*.
- 1776 Gibbon: *Decline and Fall of Roman Empire*.
- 1779 Johnson: *Lives of the Poets*.
- 1783 Crabbe: *The Village*.
- 1785 Cowper: *The Task*.
- 1786 Burns: *Poems*.
- 1789 Blake: *Songs of Innocence*.
- 1791 Boswell: *Life of Dr. Johnson*.
- 1798 Wordsworth and Coleridge: *Lyrical Ballads*
("The Ancient Mariner," etc.).

1801-1900

- 1803 The Louisiana Purchase.

- 1805 Scott: *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.
- 1808 Scott: *Marmion*.

AMERICAN

ENGLISH

- 1809 Irving: *Knickerbocker's History of New York.*
- 1812-14 War with England.
- 1814 Key: *The Star-Spangled Banner.*
- 1815 Freneau: *Poems.*
- 1817 Bryant: *Thanatopsis.*
- 1819 Drake: *The American Flag.*
- 1820 Irving: *The Sketch Book.*
The Missouri Compromise.
- 1821 Cooper: *The Spy.*
Bryant: *Poems.*
- 1822 Irving: *Bracebridge Hall.*
- 1823 Payne: *Home, Sweet Home.*
Cooper: *The Pilot.*
- 1824 Irving: *Tales of a Traveler.*
- 1825 Webster: *The Bunker Hill Monument.*
- 1826 Cooper: *The Last of the Mohicans.*
- 1827 Poe: *Tamerlane and Other Poems.*
- 1831 Poe: *Poems.*
- 1832 Irving: *The Alhambra.*
S. F. Smith: *America.*
- 1833 Poe: *MS. Found in a Bottle.*
- 1809 Byron: *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*
- 1810 Scott: *The Lady of the Lake.*
- 1811 J. Austen: *Sense and Sensibility.*
- 1812 Byron: *Childe Harold, I, II.*
- 1813 Southey: *Life of Nelson.*
- 1814 Scott: *Waverley.*
Wordsworth: *The Excursion.*
- 1815 The Battle of Waterloo.
- 1816 Byron: *The Prisoner of Chillon; Childe Harold, III.*
Coleridge: *Christabel.*
- 1817 Keats: *Poems* (first collection).
- 1818 Byron: *Childe Harold, IV.*
- 1819 Scott: *Ivanhoe.*
- 1820 Keats: *Poems.*
Shelley: *Prometheus Unbound.*
- 1821 Shelley: *Adonais.*
De Quincey: *Confessions of an Opium Eater.*
- 1823 Scott: *Quentin Durward.*
Lamb: *Essays of Elia.*
- 1824 Landor: *Imaginary Conversations.*
- 1825 Macaulay: *Essay on Milton.*
- 1827 A. and C. Tennyson: *Poems by Two Brothers.*
- 1828 Carlyle: *Essay on Burns.*
- 1830 Tennyson: *Poems Chiefly Lyrical.*
- 1832 Death of Scott; The Reform Bill.
- 1833 Carlyle: *Sartor Resartus.*
Tennyson: *Poems.*
Browning: *Pauline.*

AMERICAN

- 1835 Drake: *The Culprit Fay*, etc.
- 1836 Holmes: *Poems*.
Emerson: *Nature*.
- 1837 Emerson: *The American Scholar*.
Hawthorne: *Twice-Told Tales*, first series.
Whittier: *Poems*.
- 1839 Poe: *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*.
Longfellow: *Voices of the Night*.
1840. Dana: *Two Years Before the Mast*.
- 1841 Emerson: *Essays*, first series.
Longfellow: *Ballads and Other Poems*.
- 1842 Hawthorne: *Twice-Told Tales*, second series.
- 1843 Poe: *The Gold-Bug*.
Prescott: *Conquest of Mexico*.
- 1844 Emerson: *Essays*, second series.
Lowell: *Poems*.
- 1845 Poe: *The Raven and Other Poems*.
- 1846 Hawthorne: *Mosses from an Old Manse*.
- 1846-48 War with Mexico.
- 1847 Emerson: *Poems*.
Longfellow: *Evangeline*.
Parkman: *The Oregon Trail*.
- 1848 Lowell: *Vision of Sir Launfal*.
- 1849 Irving: *Oliver Goldsmith*.
- 1850 Emerson: *Representative Men*.
Hawthorne: *The Scarlet Letter*.

ENGLISH

- 1835 Browning: *Paracelsus*.
- 1836 Dickens: *Pickwick Papers*.
- 1837 Victoria became Queen.
De Quincey: *Revolt of the Tartars*.
Carlyle: *The French Revolution*.
- 1840 Macaulay: *Essay on Clive*.
- 1841 Browning: *Pippa Passes*.
Macaulay: *Essay on Warren Hastings*.
- 1842 Macaulay: *Lays of Ancient Rome*.
Browning: *Dramatic Lyrics*.
- 1843 Dickens: *A Christmas Carol*.
Macaulay: *Essay on Addison*.
Ruskin: *Modern Painters*, Vol. I.
- 1844 E. B. Browning: *Poems*.
- 1845 Browning: *Dramatic Romances and Lyrics*.
- 1846 Dickens: *The Cricket on the Hearth*.
- 1847 De Quincey: *Joan of Arc*.
Tennyson: *The Princess*.
Thackeray: *Vanity Fair*.
C. Brontë: *Jane Eyre*.
- 1848 Macaulay: *History of England*, I, II.
- 1849 De Quincey: *The English Mail Coach*.
M. Arnold: *The Strayed Reveller*, etc.
- 1850 Tennyson: *In Memoriam*.
Dickens: *David Copperfield*.

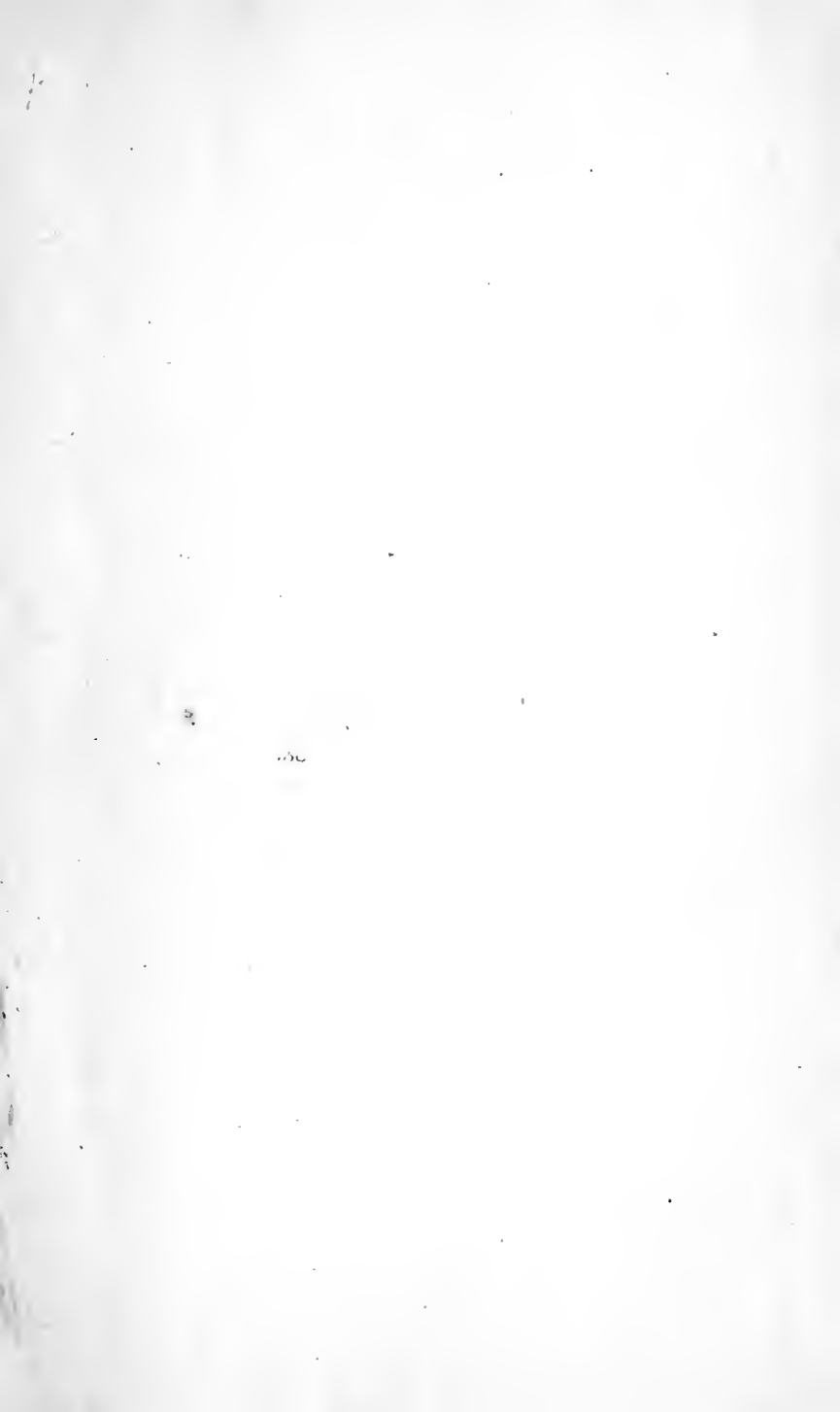
AMERICAN

- 1851 Hawthorne: *The House of the Seven Gables.*
Parkman: *The Conspiracy of Pontiac.*
- 1852 Mrs. Stowe: *Uncle Tom's Cabin.*
- 1854 Thoreau: *Walden.*
- 1855 Longfellow: *Hiawatha.*
Whitman: *Leaves of Grass.*
- 1856 Motley: *Rise of the Dutch Republic.*
Curtis: *Prue and I.*
- 1858 Longfellow: *Courtship of Miles Standish.*
Holmes: *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*
- 1861-65 The Civil War.
- 1862-66 Lowell: *Biglow Papers, II.*
- 1863 Longfellow: *Tales of a Wayside Inn.*
- 1865 Whitman: *Drum Taps.*
- 1866 Whittier: *Snow-Bound.*

ENGLISH

- 1851 Thackeray: *Lectures on English Humorists.*
G. Meredith: *Poems.*
- 1852 Thackeray: *Henry Esmond.*
- 1853 M. Arnold: *Poems* ("Sohrab and Rustum," etc.).
Mrs. Gaskell: *Cranford.*
- 1855 R. Browning: *Men and Women.*
Tennyson: *Maud.*
- 1856 Macaulay: *Essays on Johnson and Goldsmith.*
Mrs. Browning: *Aurora Leigh.*
- 1857 Hughes: *Tom Brown's School Days.*
- 1859 Tennyson: *Idylls of the King.*
Dickens: *A Tale of Two Cities.*
G. Eliot: *Adam Bede.*
Meredith: *Ordeal of Richard Feverel.*
Darwin: *The Origin of Species.*
- 1860 G. Eliot: *The Mill on the Floss.*
- 1861 G. Eliot: *Silas Marner.*
Reade: *The Cloister and the Hearth.*
Palgrave: *The Golden Treasury.*
- 1862 Meredith: *Modern Love,* etc.
- 1863 G. Eliot: *Romola.*
- 1864 Browning: *Dramatis Personæ.*
Swinburne: *Atalanta in Calydon.*
- 1865 Ruskin: *Sesame and Lilies.*
- 1866 Ruskin: *A Crown of Wild Olive.*

- | AMERICAN | ENGLISH |
|--|---|
| 1868 Hale: <i>The Man Without a Country</i> , etc. | 1868 Browning: <i>The Ring and the Book</i> . |
| | 1868-70 Morris: <i>The Earthly Paradise</i> . |
| | 1869 Tennyson. <i>The Holy Grail</i> , etc. |
| 1870 Bret Harte: <i>The Luck of Roaring Camp</i> , etc. | 1870 D. G. Rossetti: <i>Poems</i> . |
| 1871 Howells: <i>Their Wedding Journey</i> . | 1871 Swinburne: <i>Songs Before Sunrise</i> . |
| | 1872 Tennyson: <i>Gareth and Lynette</i> , etc. |
| 1873 Aldrich: <i>Marjorie Daw</i> , etc. | 1873 Arnold: <i>Literature and Dogma</i> . |
| 1876 Mark Twain: <i>Tom Sawyer</i> . | 1876 Morris: <i>Sigurd the Volsung</i> . |
| 1877 Lanier: <i>Poems</i> . | |
| | 1878 Stevenson: <i>An Inland Voyage</i> . |
| 1879 Cable: <i>Old Creole Days</i> . Stockton: <i>Rudder Grange</i> . | 1879 Stevenson: <i>Travels with a Donkey</i> . Meredith: <i>The Egoist</i> . |
| 1881 Whittier: <i>The King's Missive</i> . | 1881 D. G. Rossetti: <i>Ballads and Sonnets</i> . |
| | 1882 Stevenson: <i>New Arabian Nights</i> . |
| | 1883 Stevenson: <i>Treasure Island</i> . |
| 1886 H. Jackson: <i>Sonnets and Lyrics</i> . | 1886 Stevenson: <i>Kidnapped</i> . |
| 1887 M. E. Wilkins: <i>A Humble Romance</i> , etc. | 1887 Stevenson: <i>The Merry Men</i> ("Markheim," etc.). |
| 1888 Whitman: <i>November Boughs</i> . | 1888 Kipling: <i>Plain Tales from the Hills</i> . Barrie: <i>Auld Licht Idylls</i> . |
| | 1889 Browning: <i>Asolando</i> |
| 1890 E. Dickinson: <i>Poems</i> , first series. | |
| 1891 Whitman: <i>Goodbye, My Fancy</i> . | 1891 Kipling: <i>Life's Hazardous Cap</i> . |
| | 1892 Tennyson died. |
| | 1893 Conington: <i>Translation of Aeneid</i> published. Barrie: <i>Two of Them</i> |
| 1898 War with Spain. | 1901 Queen Victoria died. |



Sunday
Fight starts between Montague &
Capulet. Benedict enters and stops them
Later Romeo enters and tells of his
love for Juliet.
Romeo goes to Friar Laurence and
asks for help.
Romeo and Juliet get married at night

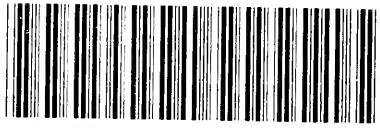
Monday - Morning
Romeo goes to see Friar Laurence
Romeo returns to Juliet.
Romeo kills Tybalt.
Romeo kills Tybalt
Romeo kills Tybalt
Romeo kills Tybalt

Tuesday
Romeo tells Juliet about the plan on Thursday
Romeo goes to see Friar Laurence
" takes the poison at night

Wednesday
Juliet is discovered dead

Romeo calls Faru
" " himself
Curtis - himself!

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